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India

Our Pledges Must Be Fulfilled

By the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.

MY friend Mr. Winston Churchill, in a speech which he delivered some weeks ago, declared that he did not look forward to the future with any feelings of weakness or despair. On the contrary, he believed that the greatest days of the British Empire still lay ahead. That is what Mr. Churchill thinks. I agree with him, and I am particularly glad that he should express himself with so much confidence about the future of the British Empire at a time when he knows that the proposals of the Joint Select Committee for Indian Constitutional Reform, which have been adopted by the Government and supported by large majorities at the Conservative Party meeting and in both Houses of Parliament, will be passed into law during the present year.

The virtuoso of last week's broadcast address was a different Mr. Churchill. By a great display of art he tried to make your flesh creep with his own very lurid version, or perversion, of our policy. He also gave you an explanation of his failure to convert the Conservative Party and Parliament to his way of thinking about India. His explanation was, as I understood it, that I and a few associates of mine had contrived, by cunning and unscrupulous means, to induce a great many intelligent and respected people to vote with us against their better judgment. In this description I and my friends fail to recognise

ourselves, and I think that those who know us will have the same difficulty. Remember, we got our best vote in the House of Lords, and even Mr. Churchill would admit that subtle manipulations of the Party machine would have done us no good there. You must decide for yourselves which Mr. Churchill to follow. The reactionary and pessimistic Mr. Churchill of last week's broadcast, or the progressive and optimistic Mr. Churchill who, in days gone by, has played so worthy and conspicuous a part in Imperial affairs on the lines that I am going to describe, and who still apparently has faith in the future of the British Empire.

You have heard a great deal of argument for and against this and that aspect of the plan, which, in its broad outlines, Parliament has approved. I do not propose now to add to this formidable mass of controversy. I would rather try to get you to look at the question simply and as a whole. If I am able to make my thoughts clear to you, you will realise, I hope, that, in following this Indian policy, we are true to the best traditions of our Imperial rule, and that when it is in operation we shall have one more reason for holding that the best days of the British Empire are not over.

I take this broad and general line, being conscious that I am addressing a body of hearers that is more than a political audience. I have had in the past to make many political speeches about India in Parliament and in Party conferences and I may have to do so again. But the present

occasion is something different, and the majority perhaps of my hearers are people who do not belong to the Conservative or to any other political Party. I sometimes think that, if I were not the Leader of the Conservative Party, I should like to be the leader of the people who do not belong to any Party. At any rate I should like to feel that I have got them behind me, as I have already got the great bulk of the Conservative Party behind me, in supporting the Indian policy of the Government.

Must the British Empire Fall?

Now, is our Empire one that rises and that falls, as other Empires have fallen? Or do we genuinely believe that we have found a way of keeping our Empire young and vigorous and of preserving it from decay? I think we do. We believe surely that by teaching our Dependencies to govern themselves, by making them as they learn the lesson responsible for their own affairs, we shall preserve their loyalty and ensure their co-operation and their unity with us. An Empire fertilised by self-government grows into a Commonwealth of Nations, and the mutual advantage of a voluntary association under one Crown is the bond that holds it together. The Empires of the past which have perished had not discovered this secret. We ourselves failed to discover it in time to keep the American Colonies, and it was the bitter lesson of that experience which set us on the right track.

We believe in political freedom and in Parliamentary government. The development of these conceptions in the British Empire is to us a matter of natural interest and pride. But the prime motive of our policy is not simply an urge to make other people govern themselves according to a particular pattern of our own. Nor is it that we are the apostles of a sort of political religion that we feel it our duty to spread all over the world. The practical reason which actuates us is rather this. We have learnt from experience that we shall preserve our Empire if we succeed in giving the units of it the right amount of liberty in the right way at the right time. There is no other way of preserving it.

Some people who accept all this say that it applies only to the Dominions which were settled by men and women of our own race and colour, that it does not apply to the rest of our Empire, and in particular not to India. That view is quite unjustified. In actual fact, we have fostered the idea of self-government and of government by the parliamentary method at least as much in India as anywhere else. We have been expressly pledged to the development of responsible government in India since 1919, and that pledge did no more than crystallise a century of policy and administration. In the words of a Royal Proclamation, 'The desire after political responsibility has its source at the roots of the British connection with India'. Those were the words of King George in 1919, and they have their parallel in many other Declarations. It is not an act of weakness and failure that we are now going forward on the road which has so long lain before us. Very much the contrary. We should have failed in one of our main Imperial undertakings if we were not now able to extend the field of self-government in India. These reforms are the direct and natural issue of our settled policy and of our long-matured judgment on the merits of the case. It is an utter misrepresentation of them to say that they are dictated by a weak desire to compromise with agitation.

What of Our Trade?

These are excellent sentiments, you may say, but what is the price that we shall have to pay? What, for instance, is going to happen to our trade? Are we going to lose our Indian markets upon which so many of our people depend, and can we afford to? I do not under-rate the magnitude of our economic stake in India. I know what would happen to this country if the links of Indian trade and credit were broken. I know what would happen to

India, too. The two countries are bound together by bonds of mutual interest so close and so strong that only a storm of passion and hatred could break them. What we have to do in the interests of our trade is to see that bitter feelings are never aroused to such an extent that they may get the upper hand.

We have already given India liberty to pursue her own economic policy within reasonable limits. What we propose is to make more precise a measure of autonomy which is already firmly established by convention. What we have done in India is in full accord with the policy upon which the contentment and prosperity of the British Empire as a whole is founded. If we ever needed proof of its wisdom, we found it at the Ottawa Conference. Most of those who preach alarmist doctrines as to the future of our Indian trade take care to do so in vague and general language. I have failed to discover anyone of proved experience and authority who has committed himself in precise terms to any encroachment on the fiscal autonomy that India already enjoys. So far as responsible opinion goes, any divergence from the views of the Government on this subject is more apparent than real. The reason is that both our honour and our interest are involved. If we were so misguided as to insist, for example, against the wishes of India that the Indian customs duty should be fixed at a particular rate in our interests, we should do grave injury to the belief in India in our good faith. Further than that, we should excite just that state of passionate resentment which would make Indians forget those material interests that are theirs as well as ours, and which would overwhelm all those considerations of good sense and goodwill that are the real guarantee of our trade with India.

Parliamentary Government in the East

Let me now say a few words about another argument that our critics often put forward. Parliamentary government, they say, is not suited to the East. Even in Europe it is being discarded. Only the English-speaking peoples can work it. Look at what has happened in Turkey, Egypt and China. I have two things to say about that.

First of all, where does this argument lead us? If it leads anywhere, it leads to the conclusion that for 100 years we have been on the wrong track in our Indian policy, that we should now reverse our steps and set out again in the direction of autocracy and despotism. Those who use this argument cannot pretend that they stand by the pledge we gave in the Preamble of the Act of 1919. If they believe that democracy is bound to fail in Asia, it would be more honest to advocate a totally different kind of Constitution for India. They should not, as they do, profess to follow the same line of policy as ourselves but with a greater degree of wisdom and caution.

Secondly, this argument from the analogy of China and such countries neglects the difference between evolution and revolution. We are not trying, as they did, for instance, in China, to bring about a sudden and catastrophic change from one system to another in the course of a year or two. We are not trying to do it even in a decade or two. We have been engaged on it for a long time already, and no-one can say how soon it will be finished. This is by no means the first step nor is it the last. As in the case of the Dominions, we are proceeding by carefully regulated transfers of power. Owing to the peculiar conditions of the country, India may well take longer than the Dominions to reach the final goal. But the principle of evolution is the same. And further, there is another reason why chaos in China is no argument for chaos in India. We, who invented this system of government and who pride ourselves on understanding it, will be there to watch and preside over its further development in India. China had no such experienced help at her disposal. Our Viceroys and our Governors in India, and under them the Services that will be recruited by the Secretary of State

(Continued on page 296)

Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

What Freedom Means in Soviet Russia

By Dr. MARGARET S. MILLER

On a sunny day last July I visited a collective farm not many miles out of Moscow. I had a long talk with one of the workers, an old peasant woman in a faded grey cotton dress and a white handkerchief wrapped round her head. She was full of enthusiasm for the new Russia, told me how drab and wretched life had been in the old days and how wonderfully everything had been transformed since the Revolution. Several things impressed her deeply about her new life. She had learned to read and write for the first time, at the age of 60, she had a fuller social life, could go on excursions with her friends to the Park of Culture and Rest in Moscow, and—most marvellous of all—she actually could have her photograph taken! She showed me that photograph, evidently the greatest treasure she possessed, and pointed proudly to a bearded peasant in the right-hand corner who was her husband, Andrew by name.

Now there was no doubt at all that this wrinkled old woman was free, and exulted in her freedom. The Revolution had released her into a 'brave new world', where she ceased to be a mindless drudge and became a real human being, with enhanced powers, with dignity, with a genuine interest and purpose in life. She may be taken as a symbol and an explanation of what freedom means in Soviet Russia today. There is in that country a rigid framework of Government policy which no-one is allowed to attack or to change. Those who are in agreement with that policy, or who accept it without question, may enjoy a great deal of freedom. But it is a very different matter for those who dislike the framework and want to change it. They are not allowed to enjoy any freedom at all.

Background of the Present System

This rigidity is not surprising if we remember the historical background of the present system. Russia has never known political freedom or a democratic form of government as we in this country understand these terms. Until the Revolution broke out in 1917, she was ruled by autocratic Tsars, who acknowledged practically no limits to their authority. When the Bolshevik or Soviet Government took over the reins of power it had no intention of establishing a democratic system on Western models. They immediately set up what was frankly called a 'dictatorship of the proletariat', based on the economic and political doctrines of Karl Marx and the principle of the class war. This dictatorship was openly and avowedly the dictatorship of a particular class in the community, the 'broad toiling masses' of the manual workers in the towns and the poorer peasants in the villages. To clear the way for the supremacy of the workers, the new Government felt it necessary to break the power of the private capitalists by transferring to the State the ownership of all land, factories, means of transport, shops, banks, industrial establishments and so on. Then on this basis of wholesale socialisation the victorious proletariat could proceed to carry out its fundamental aims, which were declared to be to suppress all exploitation of man by man, to abolish for ever the division of society into classes, to bring about the socialist organisation of society and the triumph of socialism in all countries.

It is the whole purpose of the present Government of Russia to realise these aims, and in doing so it affects different groups of its citizens in different ways. First of all, it deprives of all freedom the groups in the community who do not fit into the new scheme, the former 'exploiters', as they are called, private industrialists, private traders, rich peasants and others. For them, the Revolution has meant, and continues to mean, a policy of repression which will go on until they are 'liquidated', to use the Russian term. The Government considers that they have no part to play in the 'classless society' which is being built up in Soviet Russia.

Secondly, there are the working classes, in whose name the Revolution was accomplished. One would expect them to be given a great deal more freedom than they possessed before.

Certainly manual work is continually exalted and surrounded by an atmosphere of social respect and honour. And the members of the proletariat get practical advantages as well as this immaterial prestige. Their food rations are more generous in quantity than those given to other classes, their needs are provided for first in the way of new housing, sports grounds, health services, education for their children. They are the new aristocracy of the Soviet system. This is not by any means to say that all workers in Russia are well clothed and housed and are satisfied with their lot. On the contrary, many of them still have to live under deplorably bad conditions and get very low wages. Their standard of living is considerably below that enjoyed by fully-employed workers in this country—as it always has been. And they pay for their privileges by the complete subjection of themselves and their trade unions to the requirements of Government policy. But they have gained a very considerable degree of psychological and material freedom as compared with pre-War conditions.

Further, the building up of the classless society involves the abolition of private property and of class distinctions. This removes the striking contrasts which exist in most other countries, between extreme poverty on the one hand and extreme wealth on the other, with a corresponding absence of the social bitterness and resentment induced by such contrasts. There is more freedom in social life, fewer conventional restrictions on one's clothing, one's friends, one's activities in general, than there are in this country. The kind of snobbishness which is based on money values simply does not exist, and with it disappear many real hindrances to human freedom.

Women in the New Regime

Then there is the Government's attitude towards women. From the beginning of its rule the Soviet has tried to give women the fullest possible share in public life. Soviet women already enjoy a degree of legal, social and economic equality with men which has still to be attained by women in this and other democratic communities. This new freedom is particularly striking in economic life, and in Russia women, like manual workers, do their jobs in an atmosphere of social approval and respect. I can recall many instances of this spirit—a factory director drawing pleased attention to the healthy appearance and good looks of his women workers, praising their efficiency, saying how one of them had recently been given a special Government award for the excellence of her work; talking to the *nachalnik* or head conductor on a train, who stopped one of his women conductors as she was going along the corridor, asked her to show her *udarnik* or shock brigade badge, and said what a splendid worker she was, as efficient and reliable as any man; a Government official on a collective farm, introducing the woman president of the local village soviet, praising her work, speaking of her with pride and approval.

Of course, there is a reverse side to all this. The Soviet plans to release women for economic life outside the home by providing communal services in the way of housecleaning, cooking and the care of young children. But the machinery of these services is by no means complete, with the result that a great many women in Russia today find that their economic freedom has to be paid for by the shouldering of a double burden. Time that ought to be devoted to rest or recreation has to be spent on household duties. Still, there can be no doubt at all that Soviet women appreciate their new freedom, limited as it is by practical difficulties at the moment.

Machinery of Government

The fact that Soviet Russia is a class State is also reflected in the machinery of government. Enemies of the class State, such as private merchants, members of the Tsarist army and police force, the former aristocracy, people who employ hired labour or live on unearned incomes, rich peasants, priests and

Communism from the Cradle to the Grave



Babyhood

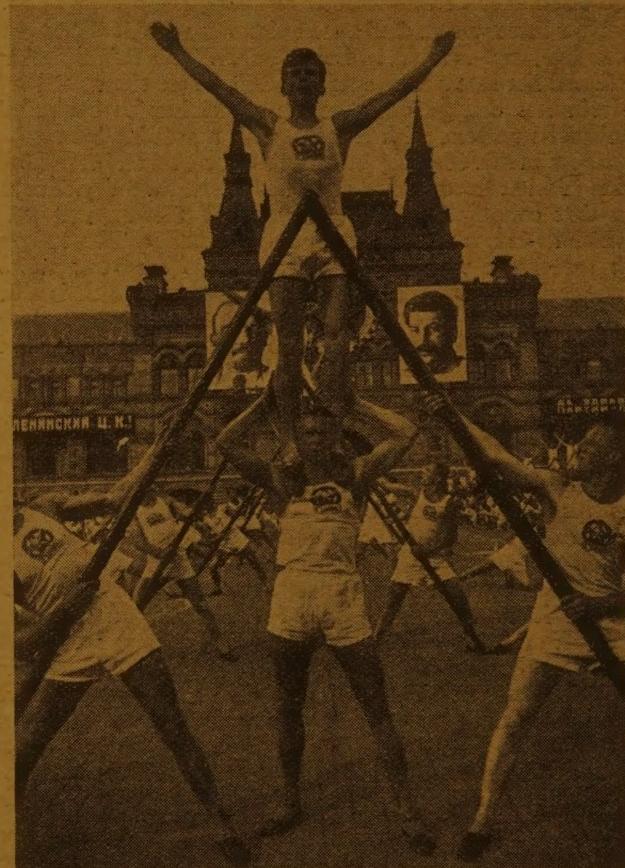
Communal crèche attached to a silk factory in Samarkand



Childhood

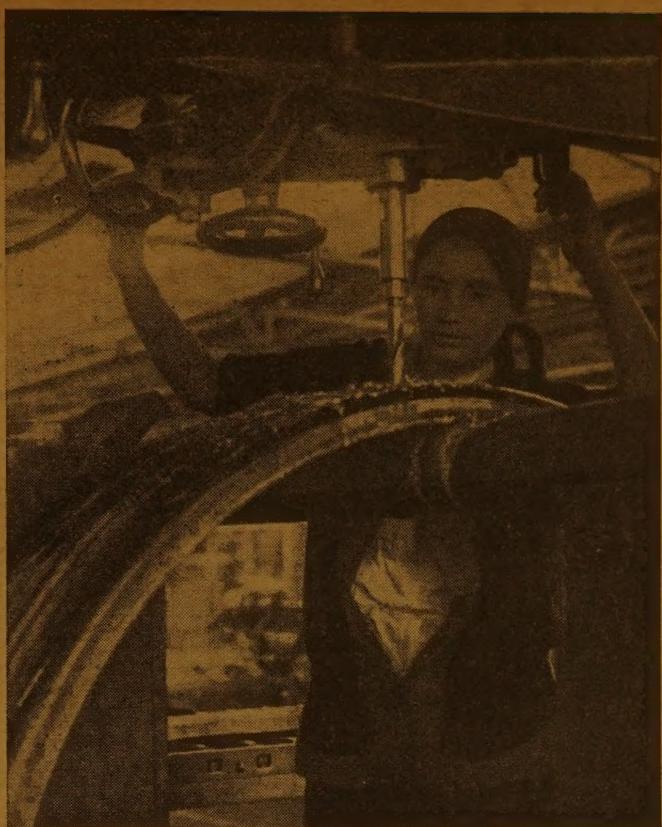
Communal dining-room at the North Railway Station, Moscow
E.N.A.

Schooldays

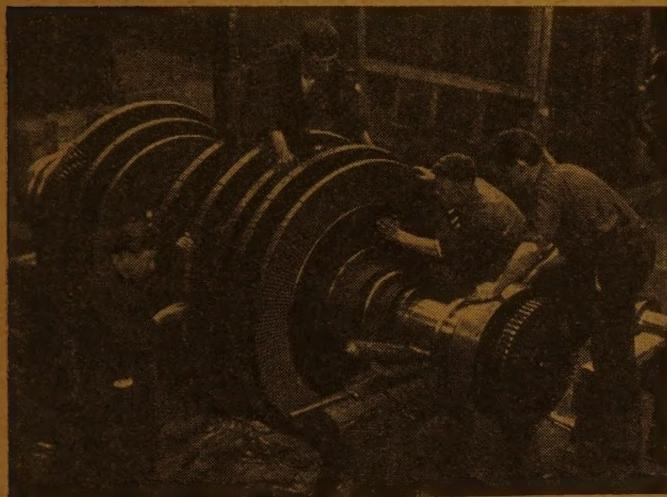
Pupils and masters in a remote Siberian school. The children are Koraks, as are the two pupil teachers; the headmaster comes from Moscow
E.N.A.Introduction to the war spirit
Parachutists at the Tuschin Aerodrome, Moscow: 15 per cent. of the Soviet military parachutists are girls
E.N.A.Youth and Sport
Parade of athletes in the Red Square, Moscow
Planet NewsYouth and War
Sharpshooters displaying their skill on National Youth Day
E.N.A.



More War Training
Teaching the Young Idea the use of gas masks
Dorien Leigh



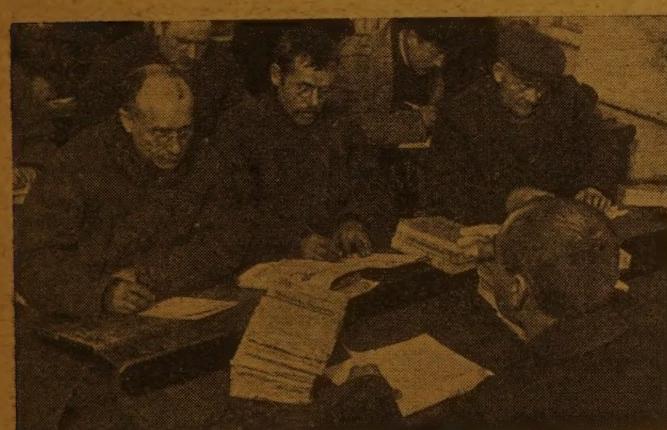
Women in Industry
Toiling at a great tractor works in Stalingrad
E.N.A.



Embarked on Russia's Industrial Revolution
Assembling a rotor in the first Soviet turbine works
U.S.S.R. in Construction



Women in Politics
Voting for the death sentence on Zinovieff (commuted to imprisonment)
E.N.A.



Adult Education
Workers in a sugar refinery at study
Planet News



Old Age
Peasant writing letters in the dormitory of a Moscow home for old men
E.N.A.



Family Life
In a typical Russian home
E.N.A.

ministers of religious cults, are all deprived of the franchise. From the constitutional point of view, authority is vested in a series of soviets or councils, which are re-elected every two years. Voting is on an occupational, not a residential, basis, and there is no secret ballot. Candidates are elected simply by a show of hands at an election meeting. At the lowest stage in the constitutional process, the village and town soviets elect a number of delegates to a District Congress of Soviets. They in turn elect a certain proportion of their members to a Provincial Congress of Soviets, and the latter finally sends a percentage of its delegates to the All-Union Congress of Soviets in Moscow. This All-Union Congress is an enormous gathering of 1,500 members, which only meets for about one week every two years, and which is far too big to exert effective authority. A more important body is the Central Executive Committee, chosen by Congress from among its own number, and consisting of about 600 members. The Central Executive Committee, or Tsik as it is usually called, meets three times a year. In the intervening periods, authority is vested in a presidium of 27 members.

That describes the outward form of the machinery of government. But real authority lies behind this outward form, in the various organs of the all-powerful Communist Party. This Party has a structure closely resembling the constitutional structure just described. Every economic unit in the country, factory, office or farm, has its nucleus or cell of Communists. These form, at the lowest stage, a Party Committee. Local Party Committees send delegates to a District Party Committee, these in turn to a Provincial Party Committee, and so on, up to the Party Congress of the U.S.S.R., held in Moscow. This Party Congress, like the All-Union Congress of Soviets, is a large and unwieldy body, and meets only once every two years. It delegates power to a Central Executive Committee of several hundred members which meets perhaps half-a-dozen times a year. Final and continuous authority really rests with a small Committee inside the Communist Party Central Executive Committee, called the Political Bureau, or Politbureau.

No Opposition Party

The local Party Committees draw up the lists of candidates for election. The enemies of Communism are disfranchised. No 'Opposition Party' is allowed to function at all. Therefore the control of the Communist Party is sufficiently complete to ensure a majority of those in sympathy with Government policy in the lower Soviets—even although most of them may be non-party men and women—and an overwhelming majority of actual Party members in the chief seat of authority, that is, the Central Executive Committee of the All-Union Congress of Soviets.

The whole of Soviet Russia, comprising more than 160 million people, is, then, effectively controlled by one political party numbering less than two million members, a state of affairs which cannot be described as either free or democratic. But again it is essential to look at the situation against the background of Russian conditions: political life in that country has always been marked in intolerance and the absence of any spirit of compromise. This is explained, partly at least, by the complexities of the task facing any Government of Russia. The country is enormously large in extent, relatively undeveloped, imperfectly supplied with means of communication, and peopled by many different races, some of them at a very low stage of culture. It is in such a country, and with such unpromising human material, that the Soviet Government has undertaken ambitious schemes of economic development under its successive five-year plans. The argument may therefore be put forward that to permit compromise is to court disaster, that only firm discipline and the most rigid degree of centralised control will enable the Government to get anything done at all. The people then have to accept the policy laid down for them by the Government. If they do that, then they may proceed to criticise the methods by which that policy is carried out as much as they like—always provided that they do not criticise the policy itself.

Probably this is not such a serious matter for the ordinary citizen. Even under an old-established and politically experienced democracy like our own, the man in the street often feels that he has no voice in public affairs, and that he must

leave their conduct to those in authority. And ordinary men and women in Russia have compensations. As compared with workers in other countries they may claim to have more economic freedom, more security in their jobs, less need to fear the arbitrary whim of an employer, more say in the everyday conduct of matters that immediately concern them. They may well feel that for them these things constitute real freedom.

But it is a different matter for the trained minority who are actively interested in the business of government. They may argue that political life is seriously impoverished by the belief that all wisdom resides in one small political party. They may believe that progress is impeded by the ban on free and open discussion, backed up by the power of opposition parties to appeal to the electorate to co-operate with them in removing the existing Government from office by constitutional means.

The system breeds the only alternatives to free and open discussion—terrorism or apathy. It is also deplorably wasteful of human talent. Democracy may be slow and cumbersome in action, but at least it is more successful than dictatorship in enlisting in the service of the community the talents and energies of men and women of all shades of opinion.

An important fact to remember about Russia in this connection is that she has never had an educated and articulate electorate to which political leaders might appeal. Russians have often said to me that there are 'two worlds' in their country, the tiny group of educated people at the top, and the enormous masses of ignorant peasants and workers below. Russia has no middle class. She has, therefore, always been controlled by a small minority whose power has had no real roots in the conscious consent of the ruled, because the ruled have so far not been able to express themselves.

Communist Propaganda

Meanwhile everything possible is being done to ensure the continuance of the Soviet system and its acceptance by the people. There is the all-pervading influence of that compact and highly disciplined body, the Communist Party. Its members fill all the key positions in the administration of the country, they are present in every institution influencing and watching over the masses of non-party men and women, inculcating obedience to Party doctrines. As may well be imagined, this can open the way to cases of petty tyranny and victimisation, against which non-party members have little recourse, since in any dispute the Communist's word is much more likely to carry weight with the authorities than the non-Communist's. As a strong deterrent to disobedience, there is the dreaded 'Gay-Pay-OO', or 'three letter people' as the Russians call them. They are the political police, and possess extensive powers of summary arrest, trial and execution, which have only recently been modified. Propaganda begins at the earliest moment of life. The Soviet infant opens his eyes in a State nursery adorned with busts of Lenin and numerous Communist slogans. He and his tiny friends learn to sing songs about the 'solidarity of the workers' almost before they learn to talk. When he is about eight years old he may join the ranks of the 'October children', from which he graduates at ten to the 'Young Pioneers'. At 16 or 17 he may become a member of the 'League of Communist Youth', and at the age of 25 pass into the body of 'Candidates' for admission to the Communist Party itself. In all these organisations the barrage of propaganda is unceasing, the growing child has the tenets of Communism and the duty of obedience to the Government constantly instilled into him. Then of course the whole system of education, from nursery school up to university, is State controlled, and is a vehicle for the dissemination of ideas approved by the State. Opinions vary as to the quality of the education given, and I have heard Soviet teachers complain that while their pupils could discourse fluently on dialectical materialism they could not always answer questions as to the whereabouts of the principal rivers of Europe. Newspapers and periodicals are entirely Government-owned, and can express only 'official' sentiments. The theatre and the cinema are both utilised for Government propaganda when required. Wireless is cheap and accessible, loudspeakers abound in streets, restaurants and other public places, and only the strictly orthodox are allowed to come to the microphone. The holding of mass demonstrations and the use of vividly

coloured posters are further methods of driving home to the minds of the population the lessons which the Government wants to teach.

The effect of the system on behalf of which this ceaseless propaganda is carried on varies with different classes of the population. It is most successful with young people and with certain sections of the favoured working class. There one is conscious of an immense release of energy, a great welling-up of freedom. Sport of every description is immensely popular and is keenly enjoyed—football, tennis, racing, swimming, cycling, all have their men and women devotees. No less enthusiastic are the crowds of students who swarm into higher schools and universities, eagerly absorbing the knowledge so recently made available to them. Here is a generation delighting in its new-found freedom, and utilising it with exuberant happiness.

It is least successful among some members of the educated classes. They include many of the *lkhentsi* or disfranchised, whose existence is one of unrelieved bitterness and hardship. Among those in normal employment, a striking feature is the shrinking from responsibility, the desire to avoid doing important work and thus making oneself conspicuous. For to be conspicuous in Soviet Russia may be to invite trouble, to lay oneself open to accusations of economic sabotage, with all the unpleasant accompaniments of exile, prison or even death. And so there is frequently a tendency among professional people in Soviet Russia to become ambitious the wrong way round, to compete for the less exalted jobs and to be willing to go down the scale instead of up. This fear of accepting

responsibility leads to a widespread under-using of capacity, a general unwillingness to take the initiative and to make decisions, which must inflict considerable loss on the community.

In Soviet Russia, as in every other country, 'freedom' remains a relative term. People are free only in so far as they feel themselves to be free, and no absolute and unvarying standard of freedom can be laid down which will apply to nations at different stages of political development, or even to different classes of people living in the same community. It would be absurd to conclude that the vast majority of the inhabitants of Soviet Russia feel themselves to be unfree because they live under a system of government which does not conform to our standards of political liberty. For one thing, liberty is social and economic as well as political. For another, the Russian people have always lived under tutelage, and it would be difficult to prove that they feel the present tutelage to be much worse than systems that have gone before. What is certain is that the Soviet Government demands from its citizens unquestioning acceptance of a policy in the formulation of which they have little or no say, and that it requires them to sink their interests and desires as individuals in their duties as servants of the class State. At present this system is being imposed on a population which is on the whole ignorant, and which lives at a very low physical standard. It is impossible to foresee what changes may be necessary when the spread of education and a rising standard of living have made the Russian masses much more articulate than present conditions permit them to be.

Science in the Making

Gold and Diamonds: Nature's Secrets

By A. S. RUSSELL

FROM the point of view of existing knowledge the production of diamond seems child's play compared with the transmutation of one element into gold. If you had been told twenty years ago about the relative difficulties of these productions you would probably have heard that diamond-making had been done on a microscopic scale, but you would have been told positively that the artificial transmutation of one element into another was a completely lunatic idea; nothing in it at all; not a word of truth in any of the fantastic claims to have done it for all the conviction that some of those inventors sweated. They had plenty of conviction, but unfortunately no gold. And, obviously, if they really could make gold, nobody would stop them. More power, indeed, to their elbow. And the reasons for this dogmatic statement were then excellent. The position is just a little changed now, but we are still bound in truth to say that the diamond is much the easier thing to make, even if the gold-makers got in first.

We all know that the diamond is the hardest, most imperishable gem in the world, with the most wonderful 'fire'—dispersion colours—and the greatest brilliance; yet it is just pure carbon—nothing else—chemically the same as the soot of our coal and the 'lead' of pencils. This lead is graphite, and diamond and graphite are different crystalline forms of the element carbon. There is no reason, you might say, why one form of carbon—graphite—shouldn't pass into the other, the diamond. The reverse process, to change diamond into graphite, has often been done. But the more important change; why, we know nearly everything about it except how it is done. It is quite common for elements to exist in different crystalline forms. Dozens of them do exist. You can have pure iron, in one kind of state magnetic, in another non-magnetic. One can be changed into the other by simple means with the greatest of ease. So with tin; so with sulphur. There is yellow phosphorus which is, for us, a poison, and the red phosphorus of matches, superficially different altogether, which is not a poison. Yet each is pure phosphorus and each can be converted easily into the other. The 'converters' are usually changes of temperature and of pressure, but the changes they affect, I want you to notice, are entirely superficial in the sense that they do not alter in any way the atoms which in the mass form an element; they merely alter the arrangement—the position of an atom relative to another, in front,

behind, to the right, to the left, above and below. Diamond then differs from graphite in the way identical carbon atoms are arranged. You might visualise the atoms of diamonds as men on parade in two lines one behind the other—the formation 'two-deep'—and those of graphite as the same men after they have been ordered to form fours. Temperature and pressure can do with these substances what orders do in drill. In this analogy you can get them to 'form fours', but you don't know what to say to make them re-form 'two-deep'.

Now let me tell you about gold. The production of gold from base metals like lead or quicksilver has allureled men from the dawn of alchemy, but it is only since 1903 or so that we have realised how terribly difficult the process the alchemists were looking for was; much, much harder than anything they could have conceived even in the worst moments of failure. They thought some kind of *chemical* process would work. We know that no purely chemical process is the slightest good. We all know what a change of heart means, or is supposed to mean, to an individual or a nation. That's the kind of change, if you will allow the metaphor, which an atom needs to become the atom of another element. And actually in this case it is literal truth. It was found in the early years of this century that only when the heart—or nucleus as it is called—of an atom is altered can it be transformed into another kind of atom. The alchemists and the older chemists necessarily had failed. They were trying to battle with pitiful weapons—in fact without weapons at all. A tennis ball has more chance of sinking a battleship than chemical processes have of altering the real nature of an atom. But the experiments which gave this interesting, even if depressing, news eventually gave us atomic bullets, and a technique of firing them at the right kind of targets. The first of these atomic bullets was used in 1919 and three others have come into use in the past two or three or four years. The 'right kind of targets' at present seem to be the atoms of certain of the lighter elements, oxygen, nitrogen, sodium or aluminium. Only when an atomic bullet is used, only when the heart of a light atom is struck by a direct hit—a bull's-eye (it's got to be a bull's-eye)—can an atom be changed into another kind of atom—the thing the alchemists were always after. This discovery was made by Lord Rutherford in Manchester and Cambridge and is, of course, of the greatest scientific

interest. But for us the actual amount of transformation, though easily detected in a laboratory, is quite below the amounts that are ordinarily weighed in a balance. From our point of view, therefore, the limitations which Nature seems to be placing on the process rule it out as one of practical value. No extension to large-scale work seems likely or feasible.

I can think of nothing more astounding in the physics and chemistry of our time than the fact that alchemy of this kind has come to stay. However we try to familiarise ourselves with the facts they never cease to surprise us. From Cambridge, from Paris, from Rome, and from Berkeley in California, new results are continually coming. Oxygen can actually be made from nitrogen. Nitrogen can return the compliment. The rare gas helium can come from the metallic element lithium and from a dozen others; the common element oxygen from the rare gas neon, and aluminium from the not-so-very-different magnesium. We are taking a special interest in carbon here. Well, it can be achieved from oxygen. So if some fine day the diamond, after all, could be made from a form of carbon, someone with courage, cash, the necessary patience and not too enlarged a conscience with regard to accurate statement, might get a diamond from oxygen. 'Diamonds from the Air. New Secret Process'. What a headline and a half for the evening papers or the News Summary! Among the lighter elements the number and variety of these transformations are really astounding. But only one of the four classes of atomic bullets I told you about—it is called the neutron—

is the least use against the large class of *heavy* elements; such things as tin, silver, platinum and gold. And it so happens that the neutron—unfortunately from our point of view—can only alter an atom's *weight*; it doesn't change it into another element. It is just as though it could only alter ordinary hydrogen into heavy hydrogen, not alter it from being hydrogen. This work was only begun last year, and at the moment no transmutation of other elements into gold or, indeed, of any heavy element into a different heavy element, has been achieved. Our one hope, the neutron, does something, but it happens to be the wrong thing from our point of view. We *can* make gold artificially, but only by starting with gold. Or iridium by starting with iridium. Interesting, but it doesn't take us far. The commercialising of gold-making looks as far off as ever.

A week ago yesterday there were announcements in the Press that at long last 'synthetic diamonds' have been made, but it is yet much too early to say anything about the process employed. The information given is necessarily vague, and where it might be explicit it is stated ambiguously. The new thing seems to be something 'as good as' the diamond, something which can deceive 'ninety-nine per cent. of the experts', rather than the simple diamond itself. If it is not the diamond it may be the element boron (which can simulate diamond well), or some simple compound of boron, or even some new form of lead or other glass. These have been known for some years to be, or potentially to be, rivals of real diamonds.

John Henry Whitley

By the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT HALIFAX

JOHN HENRY WHITLEY, born and bred at Halifax in the West Riding of Yorkshire, will be remembered among those Yorkshiremen who have made real contribution towards the larger life of England, and I therefore value the privilege, as a brother Yorkshireman, of being able to pay tribute to his memory.

In our County of Yorkshire there are big cities with toiling multitudes to teach all who may care to learn the lesson of human fellowship, and so taught from his earliest days Mr. Whitley was naturally led to devote the spare time of a full life to social work among the boys and young people of his native town. But Yorkshire is a county where also 'There is moorland, and lakes with wild names, and where every village is full of ancient story'; and we may suppose that these natural surroundings were not without influence in producing that simplicity of character which marked the whole of his private and public intercourse.

The thing that always impressed me most about Whitley, so far as I was privileged to know him, was his unshakeable belief in the inherent good sense of his fellow-men, and his conviction that underlying nearly all human differences and disputes there was to be found, with good will, the material for agreement. Imperturbable good temper and patience, coupled with a shrewd sense of humour and power of just appraisement of human qualities—these together seemed to cast him naturally for the part of peacemaker, and gave him a rare power of bringing all sorts and kinds of men to feel that there was after all a good deal in the other fellow's point of view which deserved consideration and respect. More than anyone else I have known did he seem to embody in himself the truth of which Lord Grey once spoke when he said that nothing so predisposes men to understand as the feeling that they are understood.

No more happy selection could therefore have been made in 1917 for the work of presiding over the Committee on the relations of employers with employed, which will always be associated with Mr. Whitley's name. At a time when there were grave troubles on the industrial horizon he had a passionate desire for peace, but he was wise enough to know that peace could only be won through truth and justice, themselves in turn dependent upon mutual understanding.

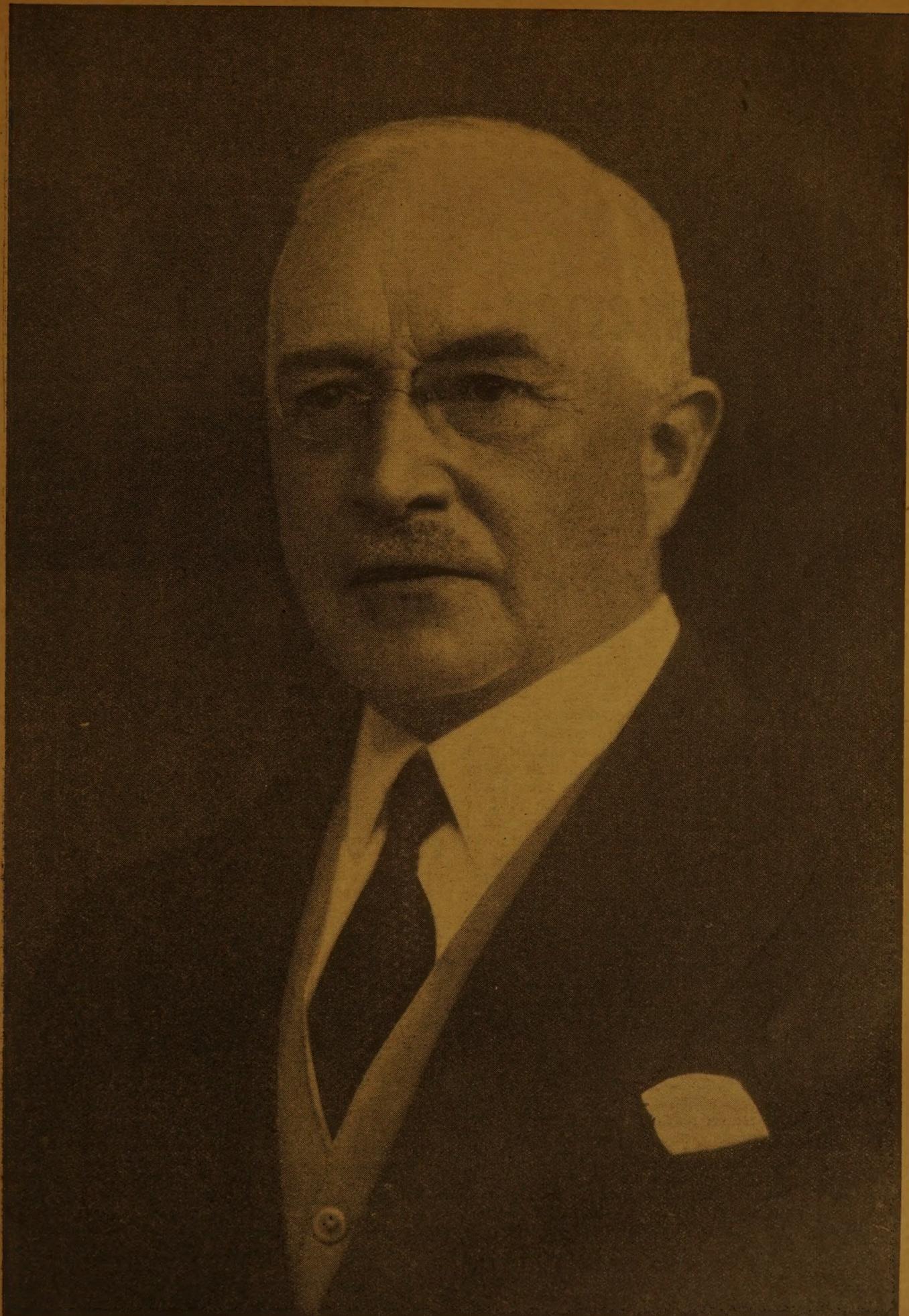
I suppose it is by the Whitley Councils that his memory will most surely be kept alive to succeeding generations, but there will be many who will rather remember him as Speaker of the House of Commons for seven years from 1921. It was

in this high office that he showed most clearly the simplicity of his native character. Generous in counsel as in hospitality, no Member of the House ever went to the Speaker for advice without feeling that Whitley had given the best that it was in his power to give. The last elected Member was jointly responsible with him for their society's good name, and it was accordingly natural to him, when called to maintain the dignity of the House of Commons, to appeal to this sense of responsibility and to rely rather upon methods of persuasion than upon sanctions more direct.

But it was during his tour of India as Chairman of the Royal Commission on Labour that I came into most intimate contact with Mr. Whitley, and learnt something at first hand of his untiring industry and devotion. The Commission was representative of the most widely different views, and apart from the difficulty of guiding its deliberations in an enquiry of great complexity, the business of hearing evidence must constantly have called for the exercise of unusual tact and self-restraint. The times, moreover, were disturbed, but the most vehement or even prejudiced witness was speedily disarmed by Mr. Whitley's quiet courtesy and single-hearted honesty of purpose. There was no mistaking the character of the man and it compelled respect. Many of his recommendations now stand upon the Indian Statute book; and the work that Mr. Whitley did on that Commission is likely to influence, more than the work of any other single man, the future of Indian industrial development. And I have no doubt that the sympathy which he showed through the whole enquiry with the lot of women and children in that great sub-continent was prompted by his early experience of human needs in his native town of Halifax.

By some, then, Mr. Whitley will be remembered best for his work in industry; by others for his social work among the unemployed; by others for his work in broadcasting; by many for his kindness and understanding as Speaker of the House of Commons. For me he is a plain Yorkshireman revealing in all his public action the best qualities of his race; whose inner life was built upon a firm loyalty to faith, and duty, and sense of right. With characteristic modesty, were he still here, he would disclaim praise as he disclaimed the customary recognition of a retiring Speaker's services. Yet of him, as of few others, it may be said in the words of Pope:

A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free:
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was.



The Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley

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The Listener

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Lending Art Abroad

THE Bill, which has just had its second reading in the House of Lords, to permit the National Gallery and one or two other similar institutions to send works by British artists abroad for public display, is a measure of reciprocity. In recent years exhibitions of the art of leading European countries have been held in London and have attracted enormous crowds. Those exhibitions have benefited the lenders, for they have brought home to the people of the United Kingdom, only a small proportion of whom can travel abroad and see for themselves, the great richness in the field of painting of Holland or France or Italy. The present Bill is smaller in scope than an abortive measure which was promoted some four years ago and there is this time no question of the Old Masters, the great treasures of the national collection, disappearing for months on end. It is only the work of British artists for which the argument can be brought forward that to send them abroad is to increase the prestige of the land whose inhabitants painted them. Fears were expressed, in the House of Lords, notably by Lord Crawford, lest the present tendency to mobilise art in the service of national prestige should seek immediate advantages at the cost of risking damage to priceless and irreplaceable things. It is, indeed, obvious that the new powers, which are, after all, only permissive, must be used, as no doubt they will be, with great care. The Bill, in its limited scope, is in fact a full recognition that the proper place for really valuable pictures is on a wall and not in a packing-case on a train or a ship. The recognition of this fact need not, however, prevent a certain careful interchange on suitable occasions. Although it is undoubtedly true that much of the interest in art which exhibitions elicit is largely social, and that people will crowd and jostle on these occasions to see pictures who have never troubled to visit equally fine specimens close at hand, the fact remains that if interest in art is aroused by exhibitions with the sense they give that it is now or never, then some concession to this psychological weakness may reasonably be made. It is obviously not desirable that our neighbours in Europe should have a vague impression that there is no British art to be exhibited. The English are the chief tourists, only rivalled

at all by the Germans in this hemisphere, and those foreign countries who have sent pictures to London have known that they were whetting appetites in a great reservoir of possible visitors. So much of the best English painting is landscape calculated to give an entirely new view to Europeans of the extreme beauty of the English countryside, and to dispel the notion, common round the Mediterranean, that England is a place of graceless manufacturing centres in the cold north, only to be visited for the most insistent commercial reasons.

The Bill at the same time makes it permissible for British artists' work to be sent to British Embassies as centres where they will be seen by numbers of cultivated foreigners. Much of the debate in the Lords turned on the question whether this permission should be widened to include Legations and, equally, the official homes of Governor-Generals and other British representatives. While it is undoubtedly important that these residencies shall maintain a high quality of artistic decoration—and there are many sins of the past to be repented of and redeemed—other considerations must check the extent to which the practice of hanging national acquisitions in all sorts of official places can be indulged. It is eminently desirable that the owners of good pictures by British artists shall be encouraged to leave them to the nation, or at any rate to make it particularly easy for the nation to acquire them, as the concession by which estate duty is remitted on pictures the nation buys gives encouragement to do. People like to think that if a good picture comes into the possession of the nation it will be hung where the public can see it, and will be well looked after. The idea that in a few years it might end up on the back-stair walls of a distant Legation would be a most natural deterrent.

But though the Bill is one more welcome sign, alike in what it allows and in what it rules out, that the days of stagnant and unimaginative custodianship are gone, it is only concerned with rare events which may arise. The great field for the intelligent interchange of pictures is inside the country itself. Recent exhibitions, notably that of Midland Art in Birmingham, which mobilised from private houses and grouped in the natural centre of the district a remarkable collection of pictures, many of them normally inaccessible, provide a solution to what was otherwise a vexed question: how to make it easy for the owners of one or two pictures to let their treasures be seen with a minimum of inconvenience to themselves? Such exhibitions have a quickening effect because the grouping is new and temporary, and visits to them by people who are not consciously picture-lovers often prove the start of a new interest in art. The British Institute of Adult Education is now going further in an endeavour to widen the field. It is going into villages and small centres, places where adult education is itself vigorous, and it is arranging, with the co-operation of private and public owners, for small free exhibitions of good works of art in such places for a month at a time. There are today very many people living out of reach of any of the main collections, who only know a good painting by reproductions in the press or by colour-process illustrations framed on walls. The fact that other people have been enthusiastic enough to assemble and display these collections in their midst should be in itself an encouragement to those to whom art has hitherto been uninteresting that here are pleasures waiting to be tapped, and that it is worth while, under skilled guidance, to start to cultivate an 'eye'.

Week by Week

A LREADY over 30,000 people have died in Ceylon in the last three months from malaria. There seems reason to hope that the epidemic has almost run its course. New infections are not the cause of deaths at the moment, but prolonged debility and anaemia on the part of those who were prostrated some weeks ago. This

sudden outbreak has come as a disturbing shock to the complacency with which it had become common to look on malaria as a disease whose secrets had been mastered for a generation. It is nearly forty years since Sir Ronald Ross' great discovery of the anopheles mosquito as the carrier of the disease. Since then in every colony preventive measures, and the education of the native population in the arts of drying up potential breeding places, have been general and a high general level of success has been maintained. Unfortunately the rainfall can play havoc with normal arrangements. If it is too heavy, there are floods and as the floods subside stagnant pools are left. Equally if there is a drought, as has been the case in Ceylon, rivers change into successions of pools connected by faint trickles, almost ideal conditions for the mosquito. The lesson of the need for eternal vigilance comes at a peculiar moment in the history of Ceylon. The island is passing through a transition in its constitutional form and it is to local initiative under the new division of powers that the population must look for the future in the field of public health. Ceylon, like all the British Colonies, has been suffering very severely in the last few years since the financial crisis of 1931. As countries new to the multifarious activities of modern States, the Colonies have more claims than they can meet and each public service can argue with some truth that it is of paramount importance that it shall not be stinted or its early development warped by the ephemeral necessities of the budget of the day. But the public health services in a tropical country must stand on a different footing to the rest. In a temperate climate liberties may sometimes be taken, but in the tropics the ease and health of life, when once hardly won, have to be kept by the waging of unremitting war on the many enemies of mankind.

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concerns, is not resulting in the cheapest possible prices to the community at large.

A useful pamphlet has lately been issued by the Board of Education*. It is concerned with the teaching of mathematics so that they will be really valuable in later life. Today there is no subject which in fact enters more into the private plans or public interests of citizens than the study of quantities. Yet to only too many people all that they learned at school beyond Long Division and the Rule of Three remains a hazy tangle unconnected with the problems they actually encounter. The Board of Education authors point out, as one example, that while costing in a technical and organised sense is a specialised study different in each business and not easily to be taught to the young, the underlying principle can easily be taught, even in an elementary school. Mathematics of this practical type can be taught in conjunction with the workshop and handicrafts if the pupils keep count of the cost of their materials, and work out hypothetically their share of overheads, and the time they spend. The income tax is another field, and so are the rates, where only too many people are content to behave like blindfold victims, not hoping to understand the legal process by which their sentence has been reached. The elements of public expenditure and public revenue can easily be taught in simplified form to children and can be made interesting. Equally, the use of statistics, again in a simplified and pictorial manner, is a study in which children certainly ought to be grounded. It is certain that in their later lives, innumerable people will endeavour to persuade them, for public policy or commercial profit, to accept statements resting on statistical demonstration. Mr. Baldwin has called rhetoric the harlot of the arts, and the charge applies with particular aptness to a special kind of glib statistical rhetoric very prevalent today, and only possible in a community quite untrained in scrutinising figures. More people are content to say with a shrug of the shoulders that statistics can be made to prove anything. But this scepticism goes much too far. No large community of forty million people can transact public business without the constant use of figures representing quantities far beyond individual experience or the individual's power to envisage. The difference between a declining birth-rate and a declining population is one simple example of the important distinctions which could easily be pressed home by teachers to the lasting advantage of their pupils.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: We have again emerged from the annual blizzard of speeches about the life and work of Robert Burns and are now being entertained by 'Common-sense' and other austere writers of Letters to the Editor, who would have the celebrations utterly abolished in the interests of national dignity. A vain and foolish hope! It is all very silly, no doubt. Nobody at this stage has anything new to say about Burns. He is obviously more praised than read. The story is well-authenticated of the wit who not long ago proposed the Immortal Memory with elaborate quotations, was exuberantly applauded by a large audience of enthusiasts, and revealed later on that not one of the quotations was from the works of the Bard. But the fundamental objection to the cult is not concerned with its merely comic aspects. What matters is that the pursuit of it as a social habit encourages a sterile exclusiveness in the devotee. It can be acknowledged that the average standard of the annual speeches tends to improve, and that certain Clubs have displayed considerable liveliness in the direction of fostering a scholarly interest in the Doric, but the deadweight of the movement is on the whole on the side of negation. It is on record that an appeal to Burns Clubs in Scotland for funds to complete Dr. Grant's great Scottish Dictionary was a miserable failure, and a feature of too many of the orations this year was the violence of the counter-attacks on those younger Scottish writers who have pleaded, though not always temperately, for a departure from the attitude of exclusive idolatry and for some good, hard thinking in terms of modern conditions. We remain magnificently complacent in the midst of social, industrial, and intellectual conditions of the most alarming gravity.

Foreign Affairs

America: World Court and Gold Clause

By SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

Broadcast on February 11

IF you were in America tonight you would find most Americans trying to guess whether President Roosevelt is a Radical or a Conservative, whether he means to inflate American currency any further or not; whether, so far, the New Deal has helped America to recover or not—and so on. In fact America today is one huge question mark.

But recent news has been telling us some of the answers. You heard last week that the American Senate had rejected a resolution proposing that the United States should enter the World Court, or to give it its proper name, the Permanent Court of International Justice. This action by the Senate seems to show that America doesn't want to come out into the world and play a part in international affairs.

But wait a minute. We must see just what the Senate did, and how it did it. No American treaty, or foreign obligation, can be made by the President unless the Senate agrees. The Constitution makes it necessary for two-thirds of the Senate to vote for it; which means that as long as the representatives of seventeen States oppose any treaty, the majority, composed of the other thirty-one States, are powerless. This is what happened last week. The majority in favour of the World Court was 52 to 36; but as 52 was not two-thirds of those present, the majority could not get their way. This shows how difficult it will always be to get an international arrangement accepted by America, as long as the two-thirds rule holds good.

In the present case, we may well regret that America has not joined the World Court: but, in order to understand whether the vote of the Senate was really a test of Mr. Roosevelt's power as the leader of America, we must look at the way individual Senators voted. There were 88 present when the vote was taken; of these 63 belonged to the President's party (Democrat), and 20 of them voted against the World Court and therefore against the President. This looks as if Mr. Roosevelt could not control his own party in the Senate; but it is an entire mistake to suppose that because he failed to keep all the Democratic Senators in line on a foreign question, that his domestic policy will also be in danger. I think it will not.

Not only so, the fact that the World Court only missed its chance by a margin of seven votes shows that there is a large body of American opinion that wants to see the American Government doing more in the affairs of the world.

Before we go any further, let us pause a moment to look at America as she is and to see why President Roosevelt holds such a remarkable place in the American mind. In every country in the world the catastrophe of the war, and the subsequent economic distress, have destroyed governments and parties in wholesale slaughter. Those who were in power when the economic depression was at its worst were held to blame by the people, and paid the price. So it was in Great Britain in 1931, so too in America in 1932. President Roosevelt was swept into power, and the Republicans swept out of it, by a national uprising which was more than the victory of one party and the defeat of the other. Ordinary party divisions lost their old meaning: and the result in America today is that the party label which a man carries, be it Democratic, Republican or any other, is no proof of party loyalty; and his vote in either House of the American Congress will depend on whether he thinks that the President has the ear of the people.

In quiet times Congress, that is to say the politicians, call the tune. But these are not quiet times: and Congress knows that it cannot call the tune. Just as in the stormy times of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, the American people in the troubles of today look for a man to lead them. And the result is that, once again, the President has descended from the dignified eminence of the White House and put himself at the head of the nation, like a general commanding an army. Of course, he can't simply order everybody to do what he wants. America is a democratic country, and the President must always know how to persuade and manage the representatives of the people in both Houses of

Congress. And *this* President will probably succeed in doing that. But, even if he succeeds in that, his troubles aren't over. There is another body lying in wait for him.

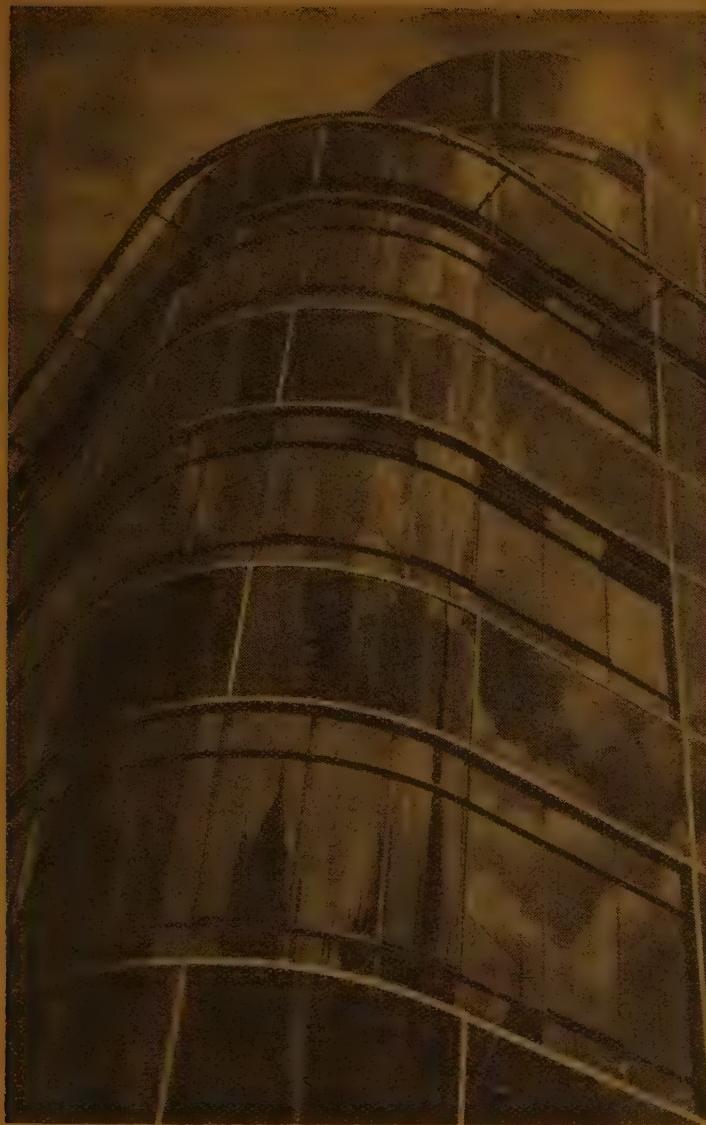
And that brings us to the next item in recent American news. How many of you have heard of the Gold Clause? And what is it, anyway? Well, a company raising new capital in America very often used to issue gold bonds: that is to say, it borrowed money from the public and gave a promise to pay interest on this money 'in gold coin of the United States of America of, or equal to, the present standard of weight and fineness'. These are the very words used in a gold bond of an actual American company: and the words 'present standard of weight and fineness' mean the value in gold of the dollar before Mr. Roosevelt changed it.

Now, on the very day on which I had the pleasant privilege of a talk with Mr. Roosevelt a year ago, he had signed an order reducing the value of the American dollar from 100 cents in gold to 59.06 cents. His reasons for doing this you have already heard; and if you haven't, you'll have to get a better economist than I am to explain them. But that's not the point. It's not his reasons that we are concerned with tonight, it is the question whether he had the power to do it: that is whether it was legal or illegal, constitutional or unconstitutional. And for the past six weeks every lawyer, business man, shareholder, great and small, in America, has been hanging on the lips of the Supreme Court of the United States, waiting to know the answer.

But why should these people have been holding their breath in such anxiety? For the best of reasons, which can be stated very simply. If you there, listening to me in Perth, Preston or Portrush, went to bed last night thinking that the debt you owed to Snooks and Company was ten bob and you awoke this morning to find that a decision of the Court had suddenly made it seventeen, you would be worried too! And if you were a director of Snooks and Company and found that the interest you had to pay to your debenture holders was not £10,000 as you thought, but £16,900, you would be still more worried. And when I tell you that the financial correspondents of the British Press, telegraphing from New York last week, estimated for all America the amount involved was as much as the whole national debt of Great Britain, you will see why the Chamber and corridors of the Supreme Court have been crowded to suffocation with people waiting for the decision. And of course, if the Supreme Court had upheld the Gold Clause, Mr. Roosevelt would have been the worst hit, because his Government would have had to pay the holders of the American national debt a colossal sum which would wreck the budget and upset the whole of the New Deal.

The American public, on the whole, believes that the Supreme Court will not uphold the Gold Clause; and they say that the Court has in past times tried to interpret the Constitution in the spirit of the times and not by the strict letter of the law. But the Court itself found it so hard to make up its mind that it twice postponed the date on which its decision was expected. When the decision is announced, you will be able to judge what was behind it.

Now, I am going to give you a glimpse of one of the entertaining side-shows in the great circus of American life. Father Coghlin of Detroit is a Roman Catholic priest born in Canada, whose name, for good or evil, is a household word in America. He buys his own time on the air, and every Sunday afternoon, in tones of passionate eloquence, he delivers a political sermon upon the evils of American life. He makes wealth his target, denouncing the money power and bidding the people rally to his League of Social Justice. He is a portent in the life of today, and it is said that his talk last Sunday week against the World Court sent thousands of his radio flock to the nearest telegraph office to wire to their Senators in Washington that they must reject the World Court. He is reckoned to have the biggest air audience in America; and good judges have declared that he uses the microphone better than Mr. Roosevelt himself.



*Daily Express building, Fleet Street
Architectural Review. Photograph: Dell and Wainwright*



Broadcasting House

What is the Twentieth-Century Style?—I

By R. H. WILENSKI

IN my view it is unfortunate that the Royal Academy did not brief me to organise their Art in Industry Exhibition. Had they done so it would have been a different and, if I read the situation rightly, a more useful exhibition. It would have been different because I should have called it not 'British Art in Industry' but 'The Twentieth-Century Style in British Industry'; and it would have been more useful because it would have demonstrated clearly to those who do not understand it what the Style of our epoch, in fact, is.

It is not my purpose here to criticise the details of the Burlington House Exhibition. The Royal Academy and the Royal Society of Arts really wanted to do British Industry a service, and tried to do so. That gesture must be respected. My concern is with the following questions: 'What contribution has this Exhibition made to the Style of our epoch? How far has it explained that Style to those who so far have not discovered what it is?'

Some British Industrials understand this Style, like it, and invent within it. Some know what it is, but decline to invent within it because they do not like it and for that reason suppose that nobody likes or requires it. Some know what it is but decline to have anything to do with it because they fear it as a Style which calls on the producer to invent new things for the consumer's benefit. The majority of British Industrials—sensible business men out to supply existing and coming demands—entirely misunderstand the nature of the Style and

suppose it nothing more than a matter of replacing curves by squares and triangles; many, in recent years, have instructed their designers to 'modernise' their habitual output by that procedure; and some have bought 'modernist' designs in squares and triangles from artists here and there. Thus has come the illogically angulated and fantastically decorative Hollywood 'Modernism' which we see in bars and restaurants, in film settings and on the stage; and the Industrials responsible for these productions are genuinely grieved and bewildered when I tell them that these 'modernistications' remind me of the title of a revue turn called 'What ho! Watteau' . . .

In every epoch new types of things and services are made available by new materials, new resources, and original brains. The style of an epoch is the use of those brains, resources and materials to fulfil the requirements of certain consumers. The type of consumer for whom the style of an epoch is evolved varies at different times. In the eighteenth century it was the rich gentry who called the tune. The style of the twentieth century has been evolved not to serve a class but to serve the young consumer in all classes. Our period has a pattern and a character of its own as distinct and inherent and organic as the style of any period of the past; and that pattern is based on the demands and requirements of the young.

The Style exists in architecture, furnishing, objects of daily use, transport—everything. And because it is based on youth's

requirements it is called on to invent continuously in the service of each new generation as it comes along. It has already given us some splendid service. In London we have among other things Broadcasting House, and the Underground Railway headquarters in Broadway, Westminster; the *Daily Express* office and Mount Royal. In Broadcasting House the architect, faced with exceptionally hard problems of site, Ancient Lights, etc., and the highly specialised function of the building, solved them with brilliant courage in a contemporary way. Romantics and passéists of all kinds would have had the workshop of London's radio disguised as a Renaissance palace, or a Grecian temple or an eighteenth-century church. But the radio is a product of our epoch. It rightly refused to do its work and conduct its business in any type of Romantic fancy dress.

In addition to our public buildings we are daily receiving more and more service from our domestic architects; more and more intelligently constructed interiors, innocent of obsolete exposed lights, fireplaces, dust-collecting fluted door panels, skirtings and mouldings, equipped with built-in cupboards, refrigerators, and so forth. The young consumer needs the continuation of this service in all departments. He expects industry to provide him with continuous invention in the twentieth-century style.

It is, I submit, extremely important that British industry as a whole should discover the central character, the common denominator of that style. I believe that young people in all countries know what the style is, need it for use, like the look of it, and demand more production within it. If this be so, British Industrials who ignore or defy that liking and demand, or mistake their true characters, will forfeit the markets represented by the present and rising generations of young people not only here but everywhere; and British industry, as a whole cannot afford to do this because the home market is only one of the concerns of the more important industries and that a comparatively small one. Every country, it is true, has its local prejudices and idiosyncrasies; the young Englishman, the young Dutchman, the young Scandinavian, or the young South American, each wants things a little different within the style. Carpet manufacturers tell me that there is one Continental country where it is impossible to sell a blue carpet or rug; while in the country adjoining it blue is the colour far and away in most demand; just as, I understand, there are regions in England where chocolate-eaters buy nothing but milk chocolate and others where only plain chocolate is eaten. But these differences only apply, as it were, to the flavourings; no young chocolate-eater wants stale chocolates; and no young couple want stale industrial products. If the Royal Academy had left their display of Art in Industry to me there would have been nothing but British-made things in the Exhibition; but the Final Selecting Jury would have consisted exclusively of engaged young couples about to establish themselves with £20 to £200 in their pockets; and those young couples would have included couples from all the countries where British Industrials now sell or used to sell or hope to sell their wares.

My exhibition would have made Burlington House a storm centre. It would have called forth passionate protests. Artists known for their sketches of picturesque old-world corners would have called it 'deplorable'; antique dealers and furnishers who specialise in period reproductions would have called it 'a lamentable flouting of sound traditions in design'; Sir Reginald Blomfield might have dubbed it 'a practical joke tainted with Communism and social disease'; and Mr. John de la Valette in a prose more ornate but equally vigorous might have called it the product of 'cerebral acrobatics in meandering unoccupied minds'. My exhibition would not have demonstrated what British Industry itself likes or desires to produce for its own convenience (repetitions of old models, forms designed for celerity and safety in packing, containers invented to distinguish the producers' own brand from others and so forth); it would not have demonstrated what British Industry produces to please people who want to be reminded of the past; it would not have demonstrated what the Royal Academy and the Royal Society of Arts think the style of our epoch ought to be (discreet modernistications of 'sound traditional designs' flavoured with luxury); it would

have exhibited the kind of things that the younger generation in all countries want British Industry to invent for their service.

Unless I entirely misread the situation the young consumer everywhere wants his *own* needs satisfied. He is tired of being compelled to use things which the producer wants him to use because they are easy to make, to pack and to sell. He is tired of accepting things which the producer expects him to like because his fathers and his grandfathers thought them adequate, imposing, or pretty. He detests all industrial products that are obsolete. He does not ask industry to provide him with romantic echoes of Victorian, Georgian, Jacobean, Tudor, Romanesque, Mediæval or Antique times. He does not ask industry to remind him of the Mystery of the Orient, or the Splendour of Versailles, or the Glory that was Greece. He has all the romance and drama he requires from other sources. His emotions are kept in a continuous state of pleasant ferment by, among other things, romantic newspapers, romantic novels, romantic films, romantic music, romantic politics, and the fear or the hope of war. He asks industry to give him Art in Industry, and by Art he means in the first place Invention and Constructional Good Sense—the qualities which Brunelleschi displayed when he built that dome for Florence Cathedral and made clocks in his spare time, and which Leonardo da Vinci was called on to furnish when he built a bath for the Duchess of Milan. He wants artists in all branches of industry to give him things which show in every inch of their structure that they have been intelligently planned for his twentieth-century requirements by men with inventive constructional minds. And when he gets such things he likes the look of them—a point to which I shall return next week.

The Style of our epoch has many enemies. All Romantics dislike it because it is not Romantic. They dislike it because it is logical and reasonable and not emotional, dramatic, mysterious or exotic. They dislike it because it has no flavour of the past but a twentieth-century-radio-aeroplane-steel-and-concrete-clean-as-a-new-pin tang. They dislike it because it is naked and functional and unashamed of its functional nakedness; because it admits no dark corners and no untidiness; and because its aesthetic is concerned with constructional characters and not with experience of emotive fragments. It is also disliked by antique dealers, by derivative painters and sculptors, by architects and contractors and furnishers who specialise in 'period' reproductions, stock mouldings and ornaments; by portrait painters who know that it has no place for life-size portraits in Louis XV gold frames; by Arts and Crafts workers who know that it expects the artist to provide the consumer with continuous invention of new forms and services to be executed not by hand but by machines; it is disliked and feared by makers and vendors of all the goods, materials and services which its progress makes second-rate, redundant or obsolete.

That the last-named point of view has played some part in the Royal Academy Exhibition would seem to be suggested, if I read him rightly, by the Honorary Secretary of the Exhibition, Mr. John de la Valette. 'By 1933', he tells us, 'the receding tide of elimination had almost swept away everything worth looking at. In self-defence the manufacturers came to ask themselves what they could do to make people want to "see" things about them once more and consequently to buy them'. I am not sure what Mr. de la Valette means by 'everything worth looking at'. But if he means all the things which are only worth looking at and not worth buying for twentieth-century use, all the things which the Style has eliminated as obsolete or redundant—then in so far as the Exhibition has tried to preserve or restore these things it has, if I read the signs correctly, misled British Industry and the British public which had hoped to be instructed. Because 'the receding tide of elimination' has only receded till the Exhibition ends; it will return, as tides do, and eliminate still more—all the familiar unpractical types of furniture shown with new veneers on them in the Exhibition, the gilded pillars of the Ceramics Section, the cinema-close-up setting in the Glassware Section, and, in the Gallery of Honour, the Nigel-Playfair-Lyric-Hammersmith effects and the Garden Dining Room where, with cotton flowers dipped in limewash to cheer us, we sit



By courtesy of Messrs. E. K. Cole, Ekco Works

'With a twentieth-century-radio-aeroplane-steel-and-concrete-clean-as-a-new-pin tang'

Above: In a corridor in Broadcasting House
Below: Studio at the Leeds Station

on marble-stuc stools and are invited to eat from a table that reminds us of a tomb. The tide will return—but it will spare, among some other things, the table suspended from the ceiling by Robert Lutyens—an idea which may be useful—the Wells-

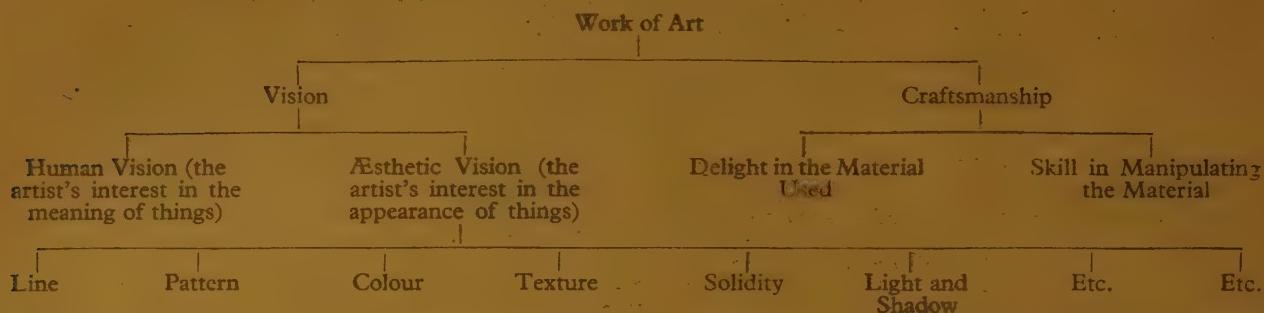
Above: Press Listening Hall, Broadcasting House
Below: Bakelite radio cabinet designed by Wells Coates, on exhibition at Burlington House

Coates radio receiving set and, of course, the two or three odd pieces of furniture which, the Exhibition endeavours to persuade us, are all that British Industry can do with the possibilities of interior equipment in chromium-steel.

The Artist and his Public

The Artist's Problems and the Modernist Creed

By ERIC NEWTON



THE diagram above is in the form of an inverted genealogical tree, but that is not quite how I want you to think of it. Consider it as a family of people all living in the same house on very intimate terms with each other, so that whatever happens to one of them affects the behaviour of all the others. At the top is the finished work of art; below are all the various forces and interests which went to the making of it, things which delighted or excited the artist when he was painting or carving. They divide themselves into two main groups. On the one side there is the vision group, which includes all the things that happen to an artist when he sees a thing either with his eye (in Nature), or with his mind's eye (in imagination). Excited and stimulated by this thing seen or imagined, he straightway begins to want to turn his excitement into a work of art. On the other side, there is the craftsmanship group—the itch to translate his vision into something tangible—to get hold of a paintbox or a lump of clay and get to work on it.

The vision group is again divided into two—human vision and æsthetic vision. The first is the artist's interest in the meaning of things, the second is his interest in the look of things—their beauty, if you like. Æsthetic vision is divided into a lot of little sub-departments. Every artist sees things in a different way; every artist is æsthetically excited by different things—or rather by different aspects of things—and that is what makes each artist paint in his own particular style. If half-a-dozen artists look at the same landscape, they all *see* the same landscape, but they are not all excited by the same things in it. One will be excited by the shape of the trees against the hillside and the curious pattern of the clouds in the sky; another by the solidness of the hillside and its contrast with the fluffiness of the trees; another by the light and shade in the scene as a whole; and so on. And as each artist is excited so he paints. If pattern excites him, he will turn the landscape into a pattern, like a carpet; if texture, he will turn the landscape into a study of textures; if light and shade, he will make his picture an essay in light and shade and neglect all the shapes and colours.

In an earlier talk I compared an artist to a prism splitting white light into its component rainbow colours. Actually the artist can only achieve one or two of those colours in their full intensity. So those sub-divisions of æsthetic vision are like the component parts of white light. An artist can concentrate on colour, on pattern, on texture, recession, light and shade, and many other aspects of the universal truth of Nature which combines them all. But he cannot concentrate on all of them at once. It is literally impossible, for instance, to paint a picture in which things look both excitingly solid and excitingly colourful. The one cancels out the other. If van Gogh had introduced heavy shadows into the flowers and the jug in his Sunflower picture he would have made it look more solid and tangible, but he would have ruined it, as a symphony in colour.

Craftsmanship has two sides to it, just as vision has. There is the love of the stuff itself, the medium—the clay, stone, paint, or whatever it is the artist is using; and there is the love of manipulating it cleverly and effectively with the proper tools. If the artist is a painter he must rejoice in the thick creamy juiciness of oil paint, and he must also rejoice in making it

do just what he wants it to do with his brushes. If he is a sculptor he must have a passion for the fine hard texture of stone, and he must also have a passion for shaping it to his liking with hammer and chisel.

So in every work of art there are these four forces at work: human vision, æsthetic vision, love of medium, and power over medium, and they can be traced in every work of art ever made, but always in different proportions. Only in the very greatest and most enduring art are they evenly blended. Only in your Michelangelos or your Rembrandts are they all equally important. But in general, all through the history of art one or other of them gets the upper hand and gives the art of the man or the period an interesting twist, or a curious flavour of its own; and if ever any one of these forces is forgotten or neglected, then the stream of art begins to run shallow and the artist begins to lose his hold on his public. The nineteenth century, for instance, concentrated too much on human vision and neglected æsthetic vision—and you get pictures like 'The Doctor' by Luke Fildes in the Tate Gallery. Or a set of people like the carvers of Japanese ivories become so engrossed with the handling of their medium that they forget all else in their interest in pure manual dexterity. Another example of this is to be seen in Sargent's brilliant brushwork, which, just because it is so brilliant, seems to take the breath of life out of the picture. Or an artist falls so deeply in love with the actual substance of what he works in that he lets himself be dominated by it; for instance, a sculptor like Henry Moore (one of whose figures was reproduced last week) is so anxious to make his stone look like stone, and not like flesh, that he has abandoned all attempt to reproduce the feeling of muscle and bone and sinew in his figure. Such an artist says to himself while he is carving—"This is a boulder, not a human being. Therefore my finished work of art must have in it just as much of the quality of a boulder as it has of the quality of a human being". And once the spectator has realised that, he will get, I think, a new point of view. He will stop insisting that a sculptor should turn stone into flesh, and begin to enjoy the way he has managed to turn flesh into stone.

You may remember that in an earlier talk I said that all art either developed from what had come before it, or revolted against what had come before it, and that the art of today is a very definite instance of revolt. The twentieth century is not going on from where the nineteenth left off. It is rebelling against the nineteenth century in no uncertain terms. The pendulum has swung right back—of that there is no doubt. And so complete a revolt has not happened in European art since the thirteenth century. That is the first thing to remember. The present revolt is not merely a slight change in direction like the change that took place when the Impressionists began to evolve their theories of light and colour. The Impressionist movement was like the movement of a wave on the shore which passes over another wave, and runs a little further up the beach than its predecessor, because of the rising tide. But the movement today is a bigger one. It is not a question of one wave superseding another, but of the whole tide having turned, as it was bound sooner or later to turn. This tide—the tide of representationalism—gradually rose and rose up to the time of Rembrandt, and then remained

stationary, tossing this way and that, spreading itself here and there in the eighteenth century, and then in the nineteenth lost vigour everywhere except in France. But all that time the movement was essentially one. The theory that explained Rembrandt was the same theory that would explain Giotto or Sir Joshua Reynolds or Manet or Degas—namely, the theory that art can always find new worlds to conquer by discovering new aspects of Nature to represent, and that a work of art can be judged by its relation to the visible world. That theory, for the first time for eight centuries, no longer applies. Today a work of art is no longer to be judged by its relation to the visible world, but only by its own self-contained laws. The

paint it pink or green if pink or green would look better'. In other words, your modern artist doesn't care a hang about surface truth, and his picture must not be judged by its nearness to surface truth. Toast to the ordinary man is something to eat; toast to the modern artist is something to look at. It would certainly not be correct to say that modern art is always untruthful; but it would be quite correct to say that it is prepared to be untruthful if truth interferes with beauty—the beauty of the picture or statue as a thing in itself.

It is usual to trace the beginnings of the new school of thought to Cézanne, though I imagine Cézanne would be a little surprised if he knew it. What he said in effect was this: 'The Impressionists have forgotten all about design in their pictures. They are just playing the old game of "copy nature and hope for the best". Now I'm going to build up my landscapes just like Poussin and Raphael built up their pictures; I am going to make them pure harmonies of line and mass and colour, and if I have to alter the appearance of Nature in doing it, then I certainly will not hesitate to do so'. He went even further than that. He also said in effect: 'The shapes and colours I see in Nature are not there for me merely to copy. I must find an equivalent, a symbol on my canvas; a shape or colour which will stand for what I see—an apple or a tree or what not—but will not necessarily represent what I see. For my business is not to represent Nature, but to produce a good picture which shall be a translation of Nature into paint'. So far so good. That was what Cézanne did, and in order to find his equivalents, his symbols, he simplified Nature and tried to find what was behind all the shapes and colours he saw. Behind an apple, for instance, he

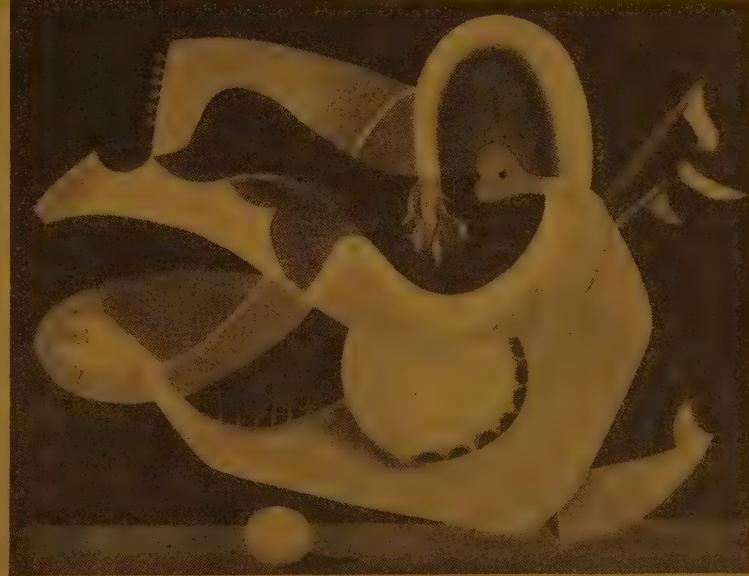


Although this painting by Marie Laurencin is based on natural forms—

From 'Marie Laurencin' (Edition Quatre-Chemins).
By courtesy of Zwemmer

result, of course, if you apply the old theory to the new thing, is chaos and misunderstanding. At any time from the thirteenth to the end of the nineteenth century if I saw a picture of a tree I could ask myself 'What has this artist to tell me about trees? What aspect of tree-ness has he discovered?' Today I can no longer ask that question. But because people do still ask that question and get no answer to it, they find themselves up against a blank wall. They have been following the pendulum on its upward swing and suddenly it has turned back and left them stranded, still looking in the direction in which it was moving before it turned, and not always realising that they, too, must turn and face the other way if they are to see where it is going to now. This sudden change is a very remarkable thing, but I think it was an inevitable thing.

Let me try to put the new spirit into a nutshell with a simple example. In my first talk I said that the ordinary man's colour sense was highly developed only when it was useful to him, but that the artist's was highly developed whether it was useful or not. And I gave as an example a piece of toast. The ordinary man knows exactly what colour a piece of toast ought to be when it is best to eat; the artist sees it just as a square object of a certain shade of brown and if he prefers dark brown to light brown he may easily let the toast burn in order to satisfy this preference. Now any European artist between the thirteenth and the nineteenth centuries, if he were painting a piece of toast, would think of it primarily as toast; and he would paint it brown because he wanted to say something about toast. He would not necessarily paint it naturalistically. He might distort it in any way he liked, but he would always distort it in the interest of his feelings about toast. But the twentieth-century artist says: 'No, I see a brown square, and if squares appeal to me I'll draw it square, but I reserve the right to turn it into a triangle if a triangle would improve my picture; and if brown suits my colour scheme I'll paint it brown—not because toast is brown but just because I think brown is a good colour—but I reserve the right to



—and this one by Kurt Seligmann is based on abstractions, yet there is a strong rhythmic similarity in composition between them

Edition Abstraction-Création

found a sphere, and the result was that, by thinking in terms of spheres instead of apples, he got into his pictures a tremendous sense of roundness though he lost some of the sense of appleness.

The next step was that Cézanne's disciples came along and said in effect: 'See how the master simplifies his shapes, and see how he sacrifices truth of representation to harmony of design. Let us do the same. Let us simplify all shapes and make our pictures a pure harmony of design by putting these simple shapes together to form a pictorial unity'. So the next development came about—the Cubists, as they called themselves. And they found plenty of precedent for their practice and theory, not only in Cézanne, but in all sorts of pre-thirteenth-century art—in Byzantine art, in archaic Greek art, and in Negro art, in which the human figure is simplified down to a set of cylinders and cones. And all this was extremely good and healthy, because it was really getting down to the very

heart of the problem—the creation of things beautiful in themselves as opposed to things reminding the spectator of something beautiful in life.

But then the modern artist went a step further and said, in effect: 'If the essential shape and the harmony of the design is all that is necessary to a good picture or statue, why should I introduce Nature—apples, or pieces of toast, at all? Why not create pictures entirely out of my head, representing nothing, but just living a life of their own by virtue of their own qualities?' And that is the point of view of the 'abstract' painters. They are entirely logical. Their theory has no flaw in it. And yet I cannot agree with them that abstract painting can be of real value as an end in itself. As research, yes. As self-discipline to keep the æsthetic muscles in tune, yes. But they have cut out human vision entirely. They have divorced them-

selves from human life, and an art which cuts itself off from any one of the four main headings in my diagram is bound to become sterile in the end.

That is my own personal view of abstract art. But it is not my view of modern art as a whole. Art today seems to me to be in as healthy a state as it ever has been, and a good deal healthier than it ever was during the last century. Sometimes it seems a little strange, a little wilful; but it is vigorous and sincere. If some of us find it difficult to understand, that is because all new beauties, like all new truths, are difficult to understand. In fifty years Picasso will be as simple to our descendants as the Post-Impressionists are to us today. It is simply a question of familiarity. Beauty has to win us slowly, but we must look for her in the right direction or we shall not see her coming.

African Art

By HERBERT READ

A GRANT from the Institute mentioned on the title-page has enabled this very handsome book* to be published at the remarkably low price of five shillings, a fact which should bring it within reach of a large public. The essays by Sir Michael Sadler on the 'Significance and Vitality of African Art', and by Mr. G. A. Stevens on the 'Educational Significance of Indigenous African Art' are of exceptional interest; the thirty-two large-sized plates are reproduced with all the care we expect from the Oxford University Press; the descriptive notes relating to these plates by Mr. Richard Carline are a model of their kind, full and accurate; and finally an annotated bibliography by Sir Michael Sadler gives the reader all the necessary information for the further study which the book is sure to incite.

Simultaneously with the publication of this book, an exhibition of African Negro art is being held at the Adams Gallery (2 Pall Mall Place, St. James's, S.W.1). Here some of the objects illustrated in the book, together with other objects from private collections, are being shown in conjunction with a number of European works of art, mostly paintings, which show sympathy with the Negro prototypes. Personally I would have preferred to see the African art in isolation—if only because it makes the European art look so feeble.

The book and the exhibition are both sponsored by that movement which aims to respect the indigenous values of primitive culture, and to oppose the policy, hitherto prevalent, of imposing European cultural values on native peoples. To within quite recent times it was the natural assumption of all empire-builders that, along with the other benefits of our civilisation, they should import into Africa and other Negro countries the white man's burden of academic art. The black man was taught to despise his crude idols of wood and stone, and to do his best to paint like Raphael—which he did with assiduity but doubtful success. Meanwhile examples of Negro art slowly penetrated to Europe, to be recognised by artists and æstheticians at their true value. Appreciation developed into a more coherent æsthetics, and during the last fifteen years a number of books have been published which establish Negro art in its own rights. This revaluation has spread back to the native countries, and here and there an attempt is being made to save the situation before it is too late—that is to say, to recover the spirit and form of Negro art, still latent under the veneer of the imported European civilisation.

It is not altogether a simple matter. As Mr. Stevens says with great truth:

In art of any value there is a direct connection between inspiration and formal beauty. In more simple language the artist must believe profoundly in what he is doing, and the beauty which he achieves in his material is the direct result of that belief. Primitive art is the most pure, most sincere form of art there can be, partly because it is deeply inspired by religious ideas and spiritual experience, and partly because it is entirely unselfconscious as art; there are no tricks which can be acquired by the unworthy, and no technical exercises which can masquerade as works of inspiration.

The implication is that to revive the art we must abandon all interference with the religion which has been its inspira-

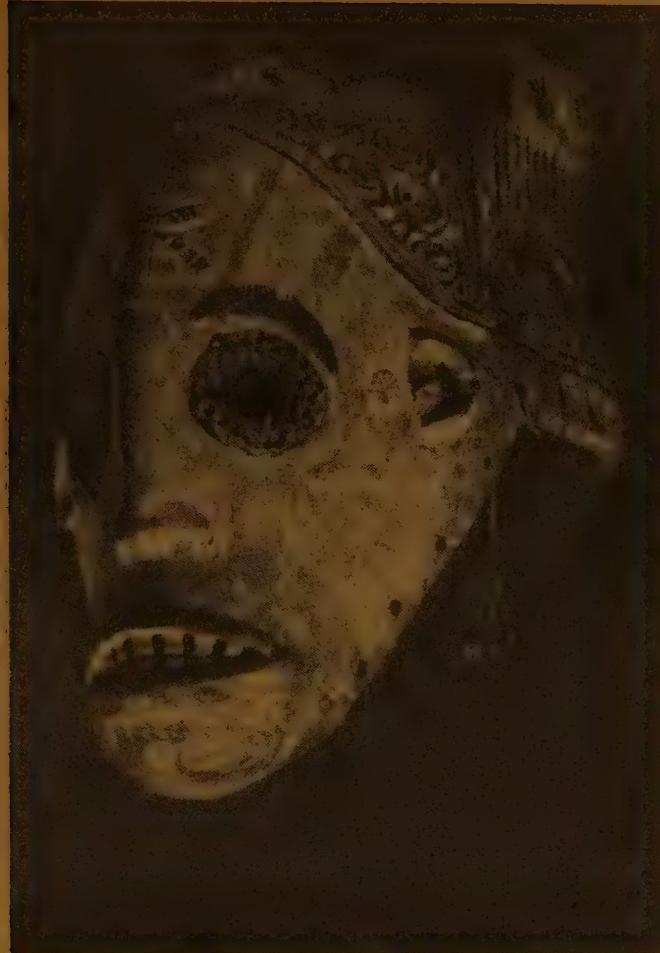
tion. Now, apart from the particular resistance to any such policy which comes from Christian missions, there is a wider cultural objection expressed, with somewhat unexpected force, by Sir Michael Sadler:

The arts of West Africa, the plastic arts, are by immemorial tradition bound up with forms of religious belief which should not receive renewed and emphatic recognition from Government, and with habits of mind which are so inimical to scientific observation and reasoning that (whatever be the kernel of truth which lies at the heart of them) they have forfeited all claim to support from progressive minds in a modern community. So long as the plastic arts are entangled with superstition, and so long as the allurement of those superstitions retains any measure of power, it would be against the public interest to reinforce their obsolescent authority by any artistic propaganda, which, through the schools, might imprint on the minds of children a wrong conception of the validity of the claims upon their capacity for belief, and tempt them to the renewal of ritual habits from which their elders are shaking themselves free.

This would seem to lead us to an impasse. The art, says Mr. Stevens, was the direct expression of the religion. But, says Sir Michael Sadler, we cannot have the religion again at any price. Sir Michael suggests that if given freedom the native might express his new faith in an art analogous to primitive Christian art, and at the exhibition there is a figure from a crucifix (No. 52) which might be taken as evidence of that possibility. But it is a remote chance, for between the magical religion of the Negro and the humanism of Christianity there is a difference of kind rather than of degree. There can be no compromise between Negro culture and European culture—the poor quality of the paintings and sculpture by living Negro artists is evidence enough of that; and in all probability, since the forces of civilisation are on the side of European culture, the art of the Negro is as irrevocable as the art of the Cave Man.

Our culture being so 'superior', what, then, is the nature of the attraction which Negro art exercises on us? 'We are conscious', says Sir Michael Sadler, 'of something present but hidden, powerful but not unfriendly; which is fundamental in our experience, participant in the spirit of something universal yet related to us; something which we divine without definition; the dim background of all knowledge and creative will'. But surely this 'something' is not so undefined as Sir Michael Sadler supposes; surely it is the unconscious which Freud has done his best to define for us. Negro art, and the art of all primitive people (though there is a profound distinction between those practising animistic and those practising magical religions) is art unrestricted by the rational concepts which have determined the forms of classical European art. Primitive art may have suffered other restrictions (taboos), but these too, as Freud has shown, are largely of unconscious origin; and the unconscious control of unconscious material does not constitute rationality. The conflict between Negro art and classical art is the conflict between reason and the unconscious, between the world of reality and the world of fantasy. It is impossible to say that these two worlds cannot meet and mingle, because in Europe we have a school of artists, the Surrealists, busily engaged in that very attempt. Is it possible that from Africa, from the opposite direction, will emerge another school of surrealism?

**Arts of West Africa*. Edited by Michael E. Sadler. Published for the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures. Oxford University Press. 5s.



White Mask with Scarlet Eyes: painted wood, from S. Nigeria
(Ibo [?] tribe)



Woman with Bowl: blackened wood, from the Belgian Congo
(Ba-Luba tribe)



A White Man Visits a Chief: door in painted wood, from Nigeria
(Yoruba tribe)



Woman's Head: mask in blackened wood, from the Ivory Coast
(Baoule [?] tribe)

Illustrations from 'Arts of West Africa'

Economics of the Week

'The American Revolution'

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

I WANT to return for a moment to my talk last week about the birth-rate. I used then a phrase which some people have misunderstood. After I had pointed out that if the present birth and death rates continued indefinitely without a change, the population of this country would inevitably die out, I said that this was not going to happen soon, any more than the sun, though it perpetually loses heat, will at any early date become so cold as to make life impossible in all its planets. That was taken by some people as meaning that I thought each of these events equally remote. Someone put it: the British Race will last as long as the sun. I hope it will. That is not what the present figures suggest. The dying out of the sunlight and heat is probably a question of some millions and millions of years. The dying out of the population of this country, if there is no change in the present birth and death rates, is probably a question of hundreds of years only—not a question indefinitely postponed—it is something to which the people who are now being born must pay attention when they grow up.

The Bill for Economic Security

Now I should like to talk about America. A friend of mine from America came into my room a few days ago and handed me a copy of the Bill which has just been introduced there for insurance against old age, unemployment, illness and other forms of dependency. 'Here', he said, 'is the American Revolution'. I looked at him, and was tempted to reply: 'Oh, boy, sure it's all that, and then some'. But I have never heard a real American talk like that, and, as my friend was a real American, I was afraid that he might not understand me. So I just said to him: 'It certainly is a Revolution, and that in more ways than one'.

It represents a complete change of ideas in the United States about individual responsibility and the function of governments; it makes a change even more startling in what people used to think was the unchangeable American Constitution.

The Bill is called the Bill for Economic Security. It aims at a nation-wide insurance against unemployment and for old age; it provides large grants for public health, for maternal and child welfare, and for maintenance of fatherless children; it sets up a Social Insurance Board which, amongst other things, is to work out a scheme for health insurance. I cannot possibly discuss here the Bill as a whole. I will limit myself to what it proposes for unemployment. Two things in the past have seemed to make the introduction of any scheme of insurance against unemployment in the United States all but impossible.

The first was the feeling that on the one hand no good American need be unemployed, and, on the other hand, if he was unemployed, he should look after himself. For many years our system of unemployment insurance in this country has been the target of criticism from the United States—some justified, some not justified. Now this Bill for economic security comes at last as a recognition of the fact that the United States is not free from unemployment any more than are the less fortunate older lands; that the risk of unemployment is too great for the individual to bear alone; that the Government must step in to ensure that all workers have some income set aside for the times when they cannot get employment.

The second difficulty in the way of unemployment insurance has been a constitutional one. Even if in principle something of the sort were necessary, who could establish and administer it? The United States has not a single Government, but forty-nine governments—forty-eight independent local governments in each of the separate States, and the Federal Government as well, with strictly limited constitutional powers. Compulsory Unemployment Insurance was clearly outside Federal power, as are most of the things which occupy the time of our own national Parliament: education, housing, relief, public health, to name a few things only. Unemployment insurance, if it came at all, would have to come through the local State Governments. But in that

case some of the States might have no insurance scheme at all, and the rest might have many different schemes, with different rates of benefit, and with no arrangements for transference. It seemed as if the American Constitution firmly blocked any possibility of general unemployment insurance, as it has blocked nation-wide social legislation of other sorts in the past.

Use of Taxing Power

But the President has found, or thinks he has found, a way through the difficulty. The Federal Government has very wide taxing power. He is ready to use this power, not to raise federal revenue, but as a stick to drive the States into insurance against unemployment on uniform lines. He is going to impose a tax up to 3 per cent. on the pay-roll of nearly every employer in the United States. He is then going to hand 90 per cent. of the tax back to any employer who can show that in his State there is an approved unemployment insurance scheme, and that he is contributing at least that amount to the scheme. In effect, the employers of every State, in order to get something for the tax that they have to pay in any case, will be driven to urge their State Government to set up an insurance scheme. And the State insurance scheme cannot be just anything that each State thinks good enough. It has got to comply with standards laid down by the National Government. In the Report, for instance, leading up to the Bill, it is suggested that benefit should be paid at a relatively high rate of £3 a week, but for a very limited period of 16 weeks, and not at all for the first four weeks of unemployment; the authors of the scheme don't believe in dealing with prolonged unemployment by cash payments; those who exhaust their benefit are to get relief by employment only. But these are details, however interesting. The outstanding feature of the Bill is the proposal to use taxing power as a lever to get nation-wide unemployment insurance on uniform federal lines. If the President can get away with this, it is hard to see where he is likely to stop or be stopped in substituting the National Government for the local State Governments as the effective authority over any matters which the fathers of the Constitution clearly meant for the local State Governments.

Will Roosevelt 'Get Away With It'

Of course, it isn't yet certain the President will get away with it. There is one risk against which the Security Bill itself is not itself secure. I have no doubt that Congress will pass the Bill, but there is also, I imagine, little doubt that sooner or later some tiresome citizen will challenge it in the Courts; no-one can be certain what the Supreme Court will say. But if the Bill goes through, and if the Supreme Court allows it, I think it does make a change in America more important and more likely to be lasting than anything that has yet come out of the New Deal.

The Codes for Business under the National Recovery Administration (N.R.A.) may, or may not, go on. The restriction of agricultural production under the A.A.A. (Agricultural Adjustment Act) is in principle only meant to go on till prices reach a certain level. But if by the Security Bill the new principles are established, first that it is the business of Government to see to the economic security of individual American citizens, and second, that this is the business of the National Government, and not of the local State Governments, then a permanent double revolution will have been effected in American life.

Those are new principles from which, once established, there is no easy retreat.

A reader who possesses THE LISTENER complete from Vol I, No. 1 (January 16, 1929), to Vol 5, No. 114 (March 18, 1931), can no longer house these copies and would be glad to dispose of them where they would be of use or interest. Communications on the matter which are received at THE LISTENER office will be forwarded to the right quarter.

RADIO NEWS-REEL

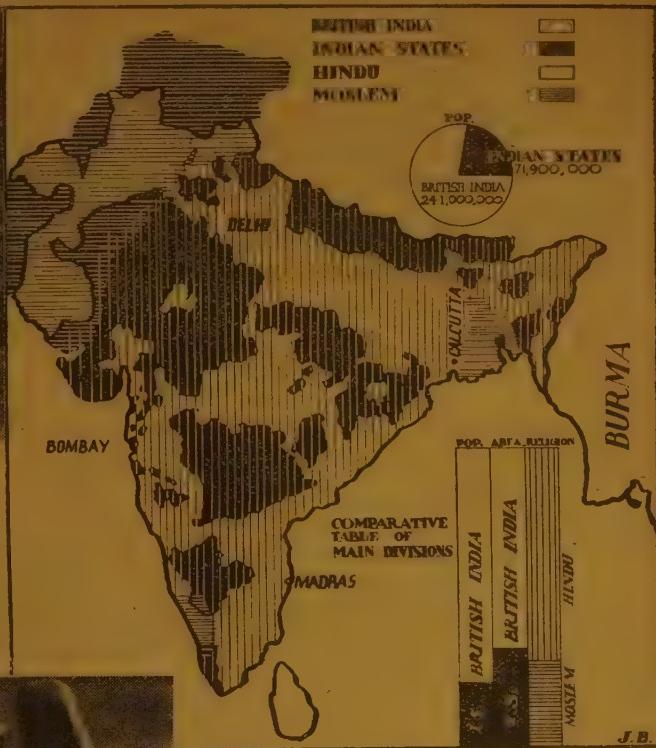
FEB.
4-10

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



INDIAN LEGISLATION

The second reading of the Government of India Bill was debated in the House of Commons during last week. Meanwhile the Indian Legislative Assembly at New Delhi (above) on February 7 rejected Congress's proposal for outright rejection of the reforms. A Moslem amendment was approved, agreeing with the Communal Award but otherwise critical of the Joint Select Committee's report. The map (right) indicates the distribution of Indian population and religion



J.B.



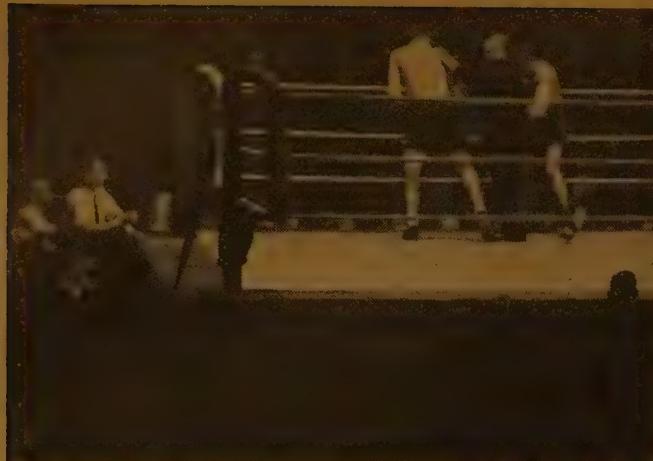
ANXIETY IN THE WORLD'S PEPPER MARKET

A major crisis was averted on February 8 when, after a series of anxious discussions between brokers, shippers, and bankers, an agreement was reached to enable firms with open commitments in pepper to meet their liabilities after last week's moratorium. The settlement was made possible by the co-operation of several powerful brokers who offered liberal assistance to prevent disaster. A new pool has been formed commanding sufficient resources temporarily to withhold from the market the huge surplus of about 20,000 tons, releasing it gradually so as not to depress the market. The photograph (left) shows pepper in its natural state being dried by natives on the Malabar coast

FIJIAN FIREWALKING

The Duke of Gloucester witnessed a ceremony, similar to that illustrated (right), on February 5. Preparations for the rite are made by digging a pit in which a number of flat stones are placed. A fire is lighted which heats the stones for some hours, until the heat is so great that spectators are obliged to stand at a distance. Then the performers, dressed in leaves and flowers, step down on to the white-hot stones and walk round the pit barefooted, singing and shouting. On examination after the ceremony they are found to be unblistered





PRIZEFIGHT

The British heavyweight boxing champion, Jack Petersen, was defeated by the German, Walter Neusel, at Wembley, on Feb. 4. The towel was thrown through the ropes by 'Pa' Petersen in the eleventh round and the referee is seen here stopping the fight.



RETURN OF DAMAGED CRUISER

The battle cruiser *Hood* returned to Portsmouth on February 4 from the Mediterranean, to go into dry dock for examination and repairs made necessary by her collision with *Renown* during exercises off the coast of Spain.



DEMAND NOTE FOR GENERAL RATE

1th) Ward

RATEABLE VALUE £38

(or Occupier)

Six

demand payment of the Fourth
April, 1884, at \$s. 8d, in the
occurred before the 1st day of

ment of General
1st January, 19th 1885) to 81st March, 1885)
the pound ...

See of this demand note for details showing how the rate in the pound deman

ey orders and postal orders should be made payable to the "F
crossed "Westminster Bank, Ltd., Bayswater Branch." They
payable to any individual officer.

P. R. CA

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attends at 44, TALBOT ROAD, W.2, every Wed
(), from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. to receive Rates.

In Order of the Council 18th January

BETTER EDUCATION FOR A THREE HALF-PENNY RATE

Proposals affecting nearly a million children, pupils and students being educated in London were considered by the L.C.C. on February 5, when a programme of educational developments for the next three years received its assent. The programme seeks to spread the 2½ million pounds of new capital expenditure, and the 365,000 pounds new annual maintenance expenditure, as widely as possible over the whole service, with an additional cost to the ratepayers of no more than a penny half-penny rate



EMPIRE JUBILEE STAMPS

This design, produced by the intaglio process, is to be used by all countries throughout the Colonial Empire in celebration of the Jubilee. The name of the issuing territory will be shown, but only one design will be used, and the issue will be restricted to four stamps of denominations in common use in each territory. They will be on sale on May 6 and will continue in use till December 31, when remaining stocks are to be destroyed.

SEVERN BORE

The photograph (left) taken on February 5, shows the biggest Severn Bore of the year approaching Gloucester Bridge



STAVISKY ECHO

On February 6, the first anniversary of the serious riots in Paris following the Stavisky incident, there were a few minor disorders. Four men were found painting the Place de la Concorde with blood-red paint, which was removed with considerable difficulty (right)



HIGH WATER IN LONDON

A north-east wind, combined with the usual spring tide, caused the highest tide in the Thames for eight years. This photograph (below) was taken near the Temple steps on February 6



UNEMPLOYED ALLOWANCES

On February 5 the Minister of Labour announced in the House of Commons that, pending further investigation, any increase in the scale of allowances, made by the Unemployment Assistance Board, should stand; but provisions which laid down reduced allowances would be suspended. Where reductions had actually taken place, retrospective payments would be made. In spite of this, the discontent of unemployed in Sheffield took a violent form on February 6 when 5,000 men and women (above) came into collision with a strong force of police outside the Town Hall. On February 8 a Bill was introduced in the House of Commons to give effect to the Government's decision



ANGLO-FRENCH TALKS

M. Flandin (left), the French Prime Minister, returned to Paris on February 4. Referring in the Chamber to the proposed air convention, he said: 'We created complete solidarity and reciprocity of action, as between the British and French Governments. These two Governments have decided to invite Germany, Belgium and Italy to the conversations preliminary to the signing of the convention because we felt that all Western Europe should be associated to avert the air danger... By the co-operation of all the Air Forces of the defenders of peace we have laid the foundation of a preventive system against an outbreak of hostilities'



WAVERTREE BY-ELECTION

The candidates from left to right were: Mr. J. Platt (National Conservative); Mr. J. J. Cleary (Labour); Mr. T. A. Morris (Liberal); and Mr. Randolph Churchill (Independent Conservative). Mr. Cleary was elected by a majority of 1,840. The division was previously represented by a National Conservative member.



When the American schooner *Seth Parker* reported herself in danger of capsizing on February 10, H.M.A.S. *Australia*, with the Duke of Gloucester on board, was among those who went to her assistance, but found her entirely unscathed. Her skipper, Mr. P. Lord (above), is a well-known wireless entertainer and it was suggested in New York, at first, that his SOS was a publicity stunt. Distress signals, however, were renewed later and H.M.A.S. *Australia* again altered her course



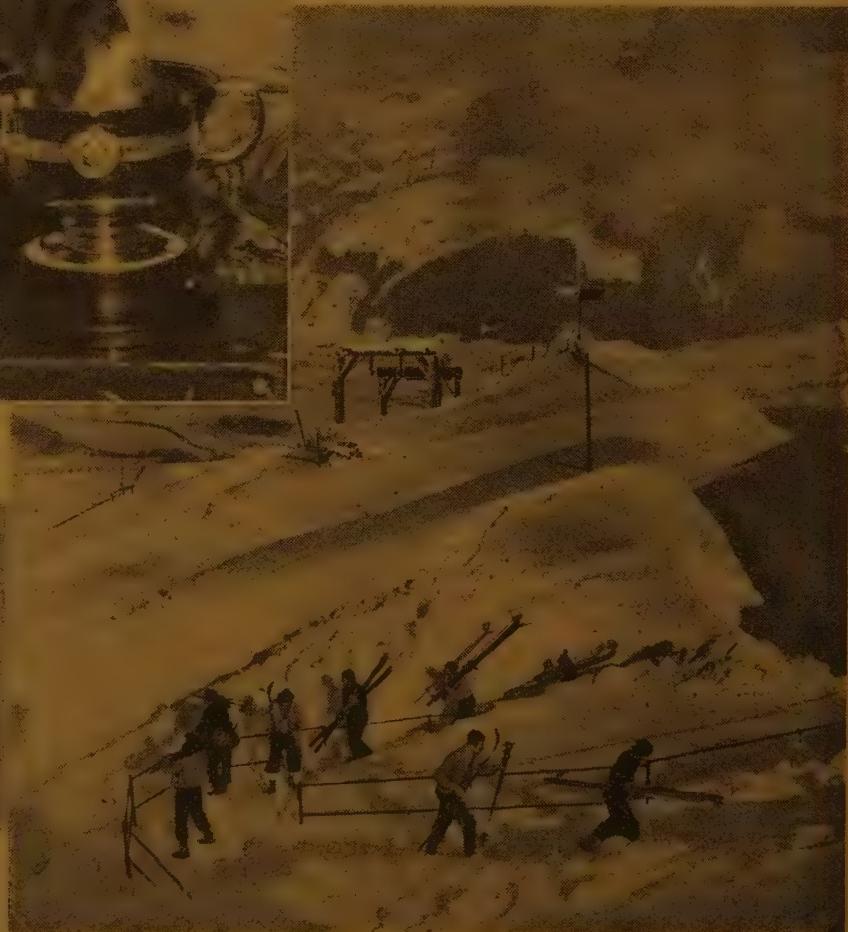
CRUFT'S CHAMPION

The Silver Trophy for the best dog in the show was won by this four-year-old pointer who quickly found a use for her prize



JUBILEE SILVER

As a permanent record of the Jubilee silverware made this year will bear a special hallmark (on right), which will take the form of a double profile of the King and Queen in a punch of oval outline. It is not the first time that a King's head has been stamped on British silver; it was done from 1784 until 1890; the Consort's head, however, has never appeared before



THE PRINCE IN AUSTRIA

A photograph taken near the summit of the Hahnenkamm, above Kitzbühel in the Austrian Tyrol, where the Prince of Wales is staying for the winter sports



A Sudanese Derby

By courtesy of the Sudan Government

A Race Meeting in the Sudan

By R. E. H. BAILY

LET us imagine that you are all my single guest, and that I am back in the Sudan as Governor of a Province equal in size to England, Scotland and Wales, and with a population about as large as Bristol. My late Governor-General, Sir John Maffey, used to tell us that our best work was the work we did not do. I shall try and show you what he meant.

The sun wakes us up on my roof. We see columns of dust radiating from the town as the herds go forth to graze. We have a quick ride. We catch up Fatima the milk-seller with her jar on her head. We congratulate her on the promotion of her son to the rank of corporal in the Police. We watch a caravan of millet winding into the grain market, and a lorry load of sesame backfiring out of it. We breakfast on my verandah. We warn the cook and servants about the expedition we are going to make this afternoon and tell the sayce that we shall not therefore be playing polo. We stroll over to the office. It is shaded by acacias. Under one of these trees is tethered my chief clerk's donkey which brings him to the office every day. We show you our files; and we show you the lie of the land on an imperfect map.

Let us walk over to the Sheikhs' Court. It is an African building of mud and thatch, like a summerhouse. The elders and court scribe salaam as we enter, offer us seats, and resume. As we listen to the proceedings we reflect that these squatting Justices, who know every twist and turn of the minds of litigants and criminals, can give a better decision after one hour than a British magistrate can give after a whole day. In the old days we used to waste whole mornings investigating the ownership of a hen. Now, the natural leader has risen to the dignity and responsibility of his position. The Englishman, freed from the everlasting 'doing' has time for comprehensive inspection and thought, and results prove that this indirect method of administering justice raises its level and also ensures a more even flow. The Court invites us to a cup of coffee in between cases. It is served in minute cups and we drink it with drawn-out gurgles to show our appreciation of its bouquet.

Next we go to the hospital. A young Sudanese doctor, who got his diploma in the Kitchener School of Medicine in Khartum, shows us round. The hospital consists of six brick pavilions. This is to ensure effective isolation. For if everybody is in one building, patients of rival tribes have a habit of springing out of their beds and fighting out old feuds in the wards.

Two o'clock! A quick lunch and we must be off. We are motoring in two Government cars to a well-centre 120 miles away in the middle of a vast waterless plain. We are due at a camel race meeting which starts at 8 tomorrow morning.

We travel in the tourer. The other is a lorry with food, kit, servants. Both cars are festooned with waterskins.

Sport is one of the antidotes to a certain danger latent in the *Pax Britannica*. The *Pax* can be excessively boring to its subjects. One cannot go on comparing it to them, for ever, with the calamities of the Mahdist regime which preceded ours. We can tell them that Mahdism reduced the population by an impartial application of war, murder, famine, from over 7 million to under 2 million in 12 years; and that it only ended with the battle of Omdurman, 36 years ago. But past horrors soon fade. Brilliant young men, born under British



Where East meets West on the best of terms

Photograph by the Author

rule, want a chance of distinguishing themselves; and if they are not provided with healthy activities, they will assuredly take the lead in subversive ones. The problem is partly attacked by the steady delegation of authority under first-rate supervision, and remember in this connection that the prestige of the Englishman is in inverse ratio to his numbers. But sport is also important; especially sport calling forth real hero-worship; which will help to make up for the old duels and raids which must now be discouraged. So the District Commissioner, whom, by the by, we shall find at the well-centre, helped the chiefs to organise the camel races. They caught on, and the chiefs now run them through their own race committees. It requires hard training on the part of both animal and jockey to cover twenty miles in a little over an hour. The winners become heroes in the eyes of their fellows, including, which is most important, the girls; and their deeds are chanted by minstrels.

We forge across a river. The lorry with its high chassis gets

through. We stick. We get out and help the policeman shove. The servants run back from the lorry. A camel herdsman lends a hand and invokes the help of God. He fetches us a gourd of camel's milk while the carburettor is being dried. He points out a crocodile. I hand you my Mannlicher rifle. You take aim. You miss it, and the herdsman tactfully remarks that 'God did not want it to die today'. The servants collect wood for tonight's fire. The last eighty miles is across a treeless prairie. The air gets keener as we ascend from the hot valley. We pass antelope. We pass a gang of convicts on their way to re-excavate a water reservoir originally constructed by the engineers of an ancient Empire which ruled this part of the Sudan 2,000 years ago. The District Commissioner, who has gone on ahead, has shot a guinea fowl for them; so they are in excellent spirits. They have no warders. They guarantee each other. They are paid a sort of inverted piece rate; so much off their sentences for so many cubic metres excavated.

Next day we wake at 6.30. We sit up in our camp beds and gaze on what in the distance looks like six bundles of bed-clothes on the ground. Those are the race committee, still fast asleep. We look round and see hundreds of camel riders shuffling in front of clouds of dust towards the wells. They appear from every point of the horizon. At last the committee start waking with enormous yawns. They say prayers and sip coffee with maddening deliberation. Will there be a muddle? We need not feel anxious. Somehow amidst bawlings and gesticulations from henchmen and underlings the course-marks itself, and the competitors sort themselves into herds. The spectators line the course; front row squatting, second-row standing, third row on a tier of camels. The Chief and his Vizier, who was A. D. C. to the Governor-General, take us round the paddock. Just before the first race the inevitable old man out of the blue drifts on to the course and asks what it is all about. A kind young man leads him off, shouting in his ear. The starter sings out before each race 'Oh my sons! do ye all know the course?' On one occasion a firm 'No!' comes from somebody at the back. 'Never mind!' continues the starter without a second's hesitation, 'Praise Allah, and follow the others!'—an injunction which appears to everybody perfectly appropriate to the circumstances. They're off! Soon they melt into the mirage. We have nothing to look at for half-an-hour till they come back on their tracks.

Race meetings are the occasion for assizes, tax collection, medical treatment, and general clearing up of business. The worst place for transacting it is the office, with its green baize and its files and its gazettes. The best place is where hunks of meat hiss over camp fires and full bellies tend to goodwill. Perhaps you will say I have been painting you a sort of fresco of the 'good old times' which has no relation to the workaday world of 1935. This is not so. I have no patience with sentimentalists who would try to fence off such people from all contact with civilisation; of no use to it except to be gaped at by tourists or measured by anthropologists. The same type of life can and is being combined with providing cotton for Lancashire, gum for sweets, and meat for Egypt. Tomorrow, for instance, we have to make an early start to get back in time for a conference with the Agricultural Inspector, and the Chief of Kipling's Fuzzies, and the latter's friend and adviser—a Sudanese official in Government service. These Fuzzies combine a pastoral life with growing about the finest cotton in the world, and we are going to discuss a system of apprenticeships whereby young men on leaving the tribal school will train to become experts in the agricultural executive of their Chief's staff. The best stuff in tradition can, and is, being interwoven with what is best in modern progress to make an enduring fabric; and we have found the educated collegiate and the ancient patriarch willing to co-operate in the process.

The races are just finished. At the Chief's request I hand out the prizes, including a cup given by the District Commissioner's father to the winner of the 20-mile event. The Chief and his staff have entertained us to gourds of sugared water followed by more coffee. The stars are out and we can be alone. It is getting cold. We put on sweaters and crouch over the fire. The servant brings candles and also whisky—that indispensable adjunct to tropical administration. We dine off mutton from the Chief's tent. From fifty camp fires comes the sound of feasting and song. Eight o'clock. It is getting late. The chatter from the silhouettes round the fires is dying down.

Well, I have shown you an ordinary sort of day. Nothing worth a headline. But I have a fixed conviction about the importance of the 'ordinary'. The secret of successful administration lies not in 'stunts'; nor in trying to explore the alleged mazes of Oriental mentality. It is to be found by attending to the eternal simplicities of the human mind.

Art for the People

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE of Adult Education, through a special Committee under the chairmanship of Professor W. G. Constable, Director of the Courtauld Institute of Art, has for some time been considering ways and means of extending popular interest in art and encouraging the art institutions and galleries of the country to develop a policy of extramural activity. Although nearly all of our larger towns possess important collections of pictures, and from time to time accommodate temporary art exhibitions of great interest, in our smaller towns and throughout the countryside the great majority of people have little or no opportunity of ever seeing, and therefore appreciating, good pictures either by old masters or by modern artists. It is impossible to improve the general standard of public taste in art so long as familiarity with the best artistic works is confined to a minority of the population. To meet this need the British Institute of Adult Education has planned the experiment of holding a series of exhibitions of loan collections of pictures in centres, urban and rural, where nothing of the kind has ever before been attempted. Three centres have been selected, one an industrial town in the mining district of Yorkshire (Barnsley), another a South of England town not close to London and not possessing a particularly rich permanent art collection of its own (Swindon), and the third an Essex village. Each exhibition will consist of between 60 and 70 paintings and drawings, drawn from the eighteenth and nineteenth century English schools (including English watercolours) and from twentieth century French and English sources (including impressionist and post-impressionist schools). Each exhibition will last for a month, beginning probably at the end of March. Close co-

operation is being arranged between all local bodies interested in making such an experiment a success. The local education authorities are providing accommodation for the exhibition and publicity, while voluntary societies, particularly the Workers' Educational Association, and also the Councils of Social Service, Adult Schools and Y.M.C.A.s, are helping by the provision of stewards and the support of their members generally. The exhibitions will be entirely free to the public, with free catalogues, school children being admitted as well as adults. The whole of the material for the exhibition at Barnsley is being generously lent by Sir Michael Sadler, whose collection is well known. Pictures are also being lent by the Courtauld Institute, and by many private individuals, including Dr. Jane Walker, Mr. Ernest Marsh and Mr. Eddie Marsh. An appeal has been issued over the names of Dr. Albert Mansbridge and Professor W. G. Constable for donations to a fund of £500 which is needed to defray the expenses of packing, transport and insurance of some 200 pictures. Considering the excellent purpose of the experiment, which is to give people who seldom see a good picture the chance to see a selection of the best that can be got together, this sum is extremely modest, and all those members of the public who have at heart the encouragement of good taste and the developing of public interest in art, should support it. Small donations of a few shillings as well as large are needed to help to raise the fund. All contributions should be sent to the Secretary, British Institute of Adult Education, 39 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1. If the experiment proves successful it will be developed along more far-reaching lines in the future.

Markets and Men

Rubber—the Era of Restriction

By J. W. F. ROWE

LAST week I brought my history of the rubber industry down to the end of the British Rubber Restriction scheme in November, 1928. The outlook for 1929 seemed pretty black from the producers' point of view. Consumption was increasing, but it seemed most unlikely that it would increase sufficiently to absorb the enormous increase in production, seeing that in 1928 Malaya and Ceylon had been restricted to 60 per cent. of their full output. But in the end consumption exceeded all estimates: production also did the same, but ended the year only some 60,000 tons ahead. This amount, however, could be easily absorbed into current stocks, which had been very low at the end of restriction. During the spring of 1929 the price rose to 1s., and even up to September it continued above 10d. But then the Wall Street crash checked American buying, and by the end of the year the price was down to 8d., that is, where it had been at the beginning.

So the year 1929 on the whole was not nearly so disastrous to the rubber industry as had been feared. But from the beginning of 1930 the situation rapidly changed for the worse. Buying by United States manufacturers continued to dwindle rapidly, surplus stocks began to accumulate, and by the summer of 1930 rubber producers realised that they had to face a genuine world depression, and not merely a temporary recession of business in the United States. The alarm spread rapidly, and there was soon talk of resurrecting restriction in some form or another. Arrangements were made by the Rubber Growers' Association for a stoppage of all tapping during the month of May, 1930, on all British and Dutch estates. But this 'tapping holiday', as it was called, was a hopelessly inadequate means of meeting the situation, and by mid-June the price was down to 6d. During the autumn of 1930 conversations on the subject of a possible restriction scheme took place between the government of Malaya and that of the Netherlands East Indies. When these conversations were officially terminated by a public announcement that neither government would interfere, and that economic forces must be allowed to run their course, the price fell quickly to 4d. But despite the fall in price, production did not decline very much, while consumption went on diminishing, especially in the United States during the summer of 1931. As a result, British and Dutch producers again discussed the question of restriction, and this for a time helped to check the decline in the price. But eventually these negotiations once more resulted in a joint conclusion that restriction was impracticable. This definitely put an end to any hopes of restriction in the near future, and by September, 1931, the price had fallen to 2½d. It reached its lowest level at just over 1½d. in June, 1932. During the autumn of 1932 and the spring of 1933, however, there was

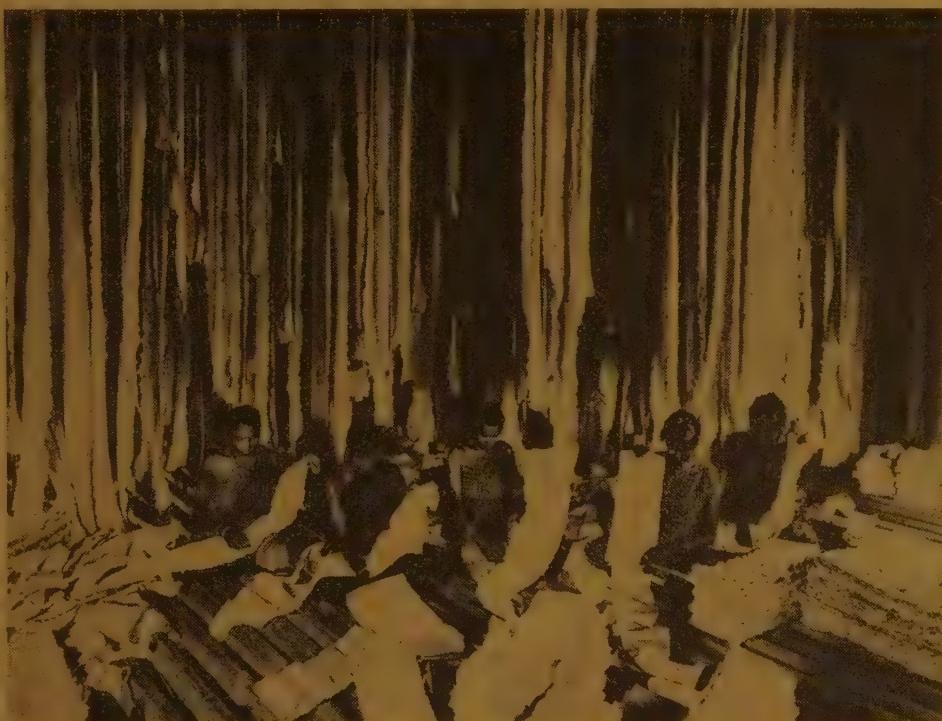
some recovery in consumption, and early in 1933 negotiations concerning the possibilities of restriction were once more restarted between the British and Dutch growers. Under the combined influence of the increasing consumption and these renewed possibilities of restriction, the price began to rise rapidly, and in May, 1933, reached about 3d.

World production in 1932 was roughly 130,000 tons less than in 1929, and the price in 1932 averaged 2½d. per lb., as compared with 10½d. in 1929. Seeing that the 1929 price was not specially profitable, one is really inclined at first sight to wonder that anything at all was produced at this 1932 price! Actually, estates in Malaya as a whole produced at about the

same rate as in 1929, while the Dutch estates showed an even higher production in 1931, and about the same in 1932. It seems simply incredible perhaps, but the whole level of the 1929 costs of production was rapidly scaled down in three main ways. First of all, there were terrific reductions in salaries and wages. Secondly, all but absolutely essential maintenance and cultivation work was given up, and the number of men employed was reduced to a minimum. Thirdly, efficiency in

general was increased under the spur of necessity, and certain newly discovered methods were introduced. It must be explained, however, that while some estates which could afford it restricted their output as the price fell, in order to conserve their bark against the time when tapping would be more profitable, other estates were driven to tap more severely than is normally desirable, in order to obtain the largest possible output over which to spread their overhead costs, and it was as the result of this balance that the total output of estates showed little change. By the end of 1932 a majority of Malayan companies had got their costs down to 3d. or even lower. But you must understand that this would not include proper allowance for maintenance or amortisation, while it must be remembered that salaries and wages are at a bare subsistence level. In other words, such low costs cannot be regarded as a new level of proper normal costs. They represent rather costs of production in an emergency, and as such they can be maintained for perhaps two or three years, but not in the long run.

Nevertheless, from the point of view of the companies this reduction of costs is a very fine achievement. But I must bring out the other side of the picture. Hundreds of British assistants and even managers have had to be sacked, and thousands of wage-earners have been returned to India, their contracts cancelled. Those who remained at work were earning, at the end of 1932, rather less than half what they were earning in 1929. The return of these labourers to their homes in Southern India means for them a poor subsistence level. The lot of the assistants and managers has in a way been even worse. Many



Folding rubber for packing

By courtesy of the Rubber Growers' Association

of them stayed in the East living on their savings and hoping to find a job. When their savings were exhausted, they had to fall back on what amounts to Poor Law Relief from the F.M.S. Government.

So much for the estate industry. Now let us consider the native producers in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. The former maintained their output during 1930 and 1931, but it dropped some 20,000 tons in 1932. The Dutch native output, however, fell by nearly one-half—from 108,000 tons in 1929, to 61,000 tons in 1932. The Malay natives are mostly within fairly easy reach of their markets, but a large proportion of the Dutch natives in the interior of Sumatra and Borneo simply



The first stage of the journey from plantation to factory—unloading rubber for storage before shipment
Photographs by courtesy of the Rubber Growers' Association

could not find buyers because the price of rubber at the big port markets would not cover the costs of transport from the interior. Moreover, the Dutch native grows his own foodstuffs and can turn to the production of other crops much more easily than the Malay native, while his need for cash is less developed: consequently, most of the Malay natives went on producing as long as they could get any price at all for their rubber, whereas it was only the Dutch natives near the ports who still found it possible to sell rubber, or at least to sell it at a price which seemed to them worth the labour involved. Thus, the effect of low prices on production was very different in the two cases. The combined decrease in native output accounts for half the decrease in the world output. Of the other 65,000 tons decrease, Ceylon produced 30,000 tons less, and most of the smaller countries also produced less.

So much for production, now just a word about consumption. In 1929, world consumption had been 807,000 tons; in 1931 and 1932, it was round about 680,000 tons. The whole decline is accounted for by the United States: consumption in Great Britain and in the rest of the world on balance remained the same as in 1929: a very remarkable fact. But I ought to mention that if there had not been a great decline in the use of reclaimed rubber in the U.S.A., the world's consumption of raw rubber would probably have declined by another 70,000 tons. It was not worth while using reclaimed rubber at the 1932 price of crude rubber. But though consumption declined less than might have been expected, it, of course, declined much more rapidly and much further than production, with the result that by 1932 surplus stocks, over and above normal stocks, amounted to over 200,000 tons.

With these surplus stocks, with production still above consumption even though consumption did seem to be increasing again at last, and with the virtual certainty that at any price above, say, 3d., the Malayan and Dutch natives would rapidly and greatly increase their output, and with the fact that at 3d. even the better European estates could

barely make ends meet—it was in these circumstances that informal negotiations were once more resumed in the spring of 1933, as I have said, between the British and Dutch growers. And the Dutch Government now showed itself an interested party. You must remember that the Netherlands East Indies, as a Dutch colony, has remained with Holland on the gold standard, and both home and colonial Governments were finding it most difficult to balance their budgets. The new Dutch Prime Minister, who took office during 1933, was definitely favourable to restriction on the grounds, as he put it, that 'new taxpayers must be created'. The great difficulty was, of course, the native production. It was considered impossible to assess the native producers individually, and then regulate their output by a quota as is the usual practice with restriction schemes. It was impossible not only because of their numbers, but because much of their lands has never even been surveyed, and the general governmental control of the natives in the interior of Sumatra and Borneo is inevitably slender. Moreover, the Dutch were afraid that political trouble might follow too much interference in native affairs. All through 1933, however, and the opening months of 1934, negotiations went on and eventually the difficulties and scruples of the Dutch were overcome, and, encouraged perhaps by the apparent success of the restriction schemes for tea and tin, they decided to take the plunge. In April, 1934, it was announced that agreement had been reached between the British and Dutch Governments, and also Siam and French Indo-China, and that a scheme for the regulation of their exports of rubber would begin on June 1, 1934.

The scheme is administered by the Governments concerned and by the International Rubber Regulation Committee, consisting of representatives appointed by the Governments, with voting power according to the production quotas assigned to the different countries. These production quotas are fixed on the basis of past exports, with allowances for recently planted areas not yet in full production: thus they increase every year as the newer areas become more mature, and newly planted areas become tappable. The percentage of these quotas which the countries may export is fixed from time to time by the Regulation Committee, and its first act was to fix the percentage at 100 per cent. (*i.e.* no restriction) for June and July, 1934, 90 per cent. for August and September, 80 per cent. for October and November, and 70 per cent. for December. The Committee has complete power to impose whatever degree of restriction it thinks fit, in order to reduce existing world stocks to a normal figure and to maintain 'a fair and equitable price level which will be reasonably remunerative to efficient producers'. The determination of what such a price level is rests with the Committee, though a body representing the world's manufacturers has also been established which the Regulation Committee can consult. Such are the essential outlines of the scheme, but another important point is that new planting is to be prohibited, except for experimental purposes, while research is to be encouraged, and so on. The scheme is to last until the end of 1938.

Now, the effect of all these negotiations, coupled with a very considerable increase in consumption, had been to raise the price from 3d. in May, 1933, to over 5d. in February and March, 1934. The result was that the Dutch native output practically doubled, while the Malay native output and the production of Ceylon and the smaller countries rapidly rose. Until the beginning of restriction, everything on the production side followed the expectations of what would happen if the price rose to such levels. In the end both world production and consumption in 1933 were roughly the same as in 1929,

but as in 1929 production was the greater by some 40,000 tons. When the expectations of restriction were fulfilled, the price rose to 6d., and in July, August and September to over 7d. per lb.; then it fell to a little under 6½d., and in the last week or two it has not been much above 6d. On the production side, the outstanding feature during the last six months has been the decline in the Dutch native output. As I have said, no system of individual quotas for each native producer could be introduced by the Government of the Netherlands East Indies, at any rate without a long period of preparation; and so restriction of Dutch native output took the form of imposing an export tax of about 3d. per lb.: and incidentally I may say that the proceeds of this tax are to be used by the Government for the benefit of the natives in the rubber areas. During July, August and September the exports of Dutch native rubber were at the rate of about 15,000 tons a month with a London price of 7½d.; since then, with the fall in the London price to under 6½d., the native exports have fallen to about 5,000 tons a month: the permissible export under the restriction scheme will be 10,500 tons a month during the present quarter. It is clear, therefore, that the exact regulation of Dutch native exports by means of a tax is going to be no easy matter, and the views and reactions of the Dutch Government on the subject look like being the dominating factor in determining how much restriction will be attempted in the near future. On December 16 last the tax was reduced to a little under 2½d., and it was undoubtedly owing to the Dutch attitude that an additional 5 per cent. production was allowed for the first quarter of this year as compared with the 70 per cent. quota of last December. Otherwise all seems going according to plan, and, with consumption still steadily increasing, it seems more than likely that at last there will be some appreciable reduction in the surplus stocks during 1935. It may well be that in 1935 consumption will exceed a million tons despite the recent relatively great rise in the price.

What then are we to say concerning the wisdom of instituting this new restriction scheme?

Let me try to summarise first the case in favour, and then that against. I think that few, if any, of the leaders of the industry regard artificial control as desirable in itself: as a general proposition they would much prefer conditions of free competition. But those who have been active in resurrecting restriction would, I think, argue that in the rubber industry the situation under competition had become intolerable and seemed likely to continue to be intolerable for an indefinite period. The situation was intolerable because at a price of under, say, 3d., few, if any, estates could cover their full proper costs, and even if the higher-cost companies after a time ceased production altogether, the trees on their estates would still be there and benefiting by the rest, and as soon as the price rose appreciably they would resume tapping, or if they had gone bankrupt, someone would have bought up the estate for a mere song and would be able to resume production with virtually no capital charges.

Equally, though the Malay native output had declined, as soon as the price rose appreciably it would rise again, and the same was true of the potentially much more important Dutch native output: the Dutch native output had not declined seriously until the price fell below 3d., and it might be expected to increase again if the price rose much above 3d., while at a price level which would give some profits to European estates, say 6d. or thereabouts, the Dutch native output would certainly be very large, if indeed that price or a little more would not draw out almost the full possible supply, which as the result of the heavy planting during the price boom of 1925 and 1926 is now at least 300,000 tons; the total possible world

supply is probably at least 1,300,000 tons, and consumption even today is only running at 1 million tons, and a year ago, when the restriction scheme was decided upon, it was much less than that.

Now in comparing the case for restriction with the case against, the trouble is that the anti-restrictionist is mainly concerned with the effects of restriction in the future—in other words he begins more or less where the restrictionist leaves off. 'Of course', says the anti-restrictionist, 'the immediate results of restriction, provided you can enforce it, will be beneficial at least to the European estates, but what about the effects in the more distant future? Surely the fundamental problem with which the rubber industry is faced is whether the future lies with estate production or with the native production—whether, in other words, European estates can produce more cheaply than the Dutch native, because if they cannot, the whole industry will pass into the hands of the natives, since there is virtually no limit to the amount of rubber which Sumatra and Borneo could physically produce. Before the revival of restriction talk began and prices rose, the Dutch native production had fallen to nearly half what it was even in 1929, while very few European estates had been forced to stop production. As soon as the price of rubber rose, the Dutch natives resumed production on a scale far above that of 1929. By re-introducing restriction, all the advantages which the European estates had secured in their fight with the Dutch natives were thrown away; all the painful process of reducing costs has been endured for nothing. Unless restriction is to be permanent, the battle between the estates and the Dutch native producers will have to be fought all over again'.

What does the restrictionist reply? I think he would reply that any advantage which the European estates had gained over the native producer was more apparent than real, in that though native production had fallen, their trees were still there, and the natives would begin tapping again as soon as



Arrival in England—sampling rubber at a London wharf

the price rose above 3-4 pence. What can the anti-restrictionist reply to that? I think he would try and argue that if the price had remained low for another year or two, the Dutch natives would have turned their attention to other crops and ceased bothering about rubber, and that therefore the price might have risen sufficiently high to enable the European estates to operate profitably, especially since the continuance of low prices would probably have led to even greater efficiency than is the case today. And the restrictionist would reply that he didn't believe things would work out like that, because the native would quickly give up other crops as soon as rubber tapping paid him better.

Music

Sibelius, the Symphony and the Symphonic Poem

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

MR. WALTER LEGGE has recorded (in the *Daily Telegraph*, a few weeks ago) a statement by Sibelius which runs:

Since Beethoven's time all the so-called symphonies, except Brahms', have been symphonic poems. In many cases, composers have told us, or at least indicated, the programmes they had in mind; in others it is plain that there has been some story or landscape or set of images that the composer has set himself to illustrate. That is not my idea of a symphony. For me, music begins where the word ceases. When I set out to write symphonic poems, I do not pretend that they are symphonies.

The remainder of his remarks on the subject seem to show Sibelius believing, with the late Professor Niecks, that as soon as music expresses anything, and so ceases to be merely formal, it is to be regarded as programme music. Or, as Mr. Ernest Newman put it in two very thoughtful articles (in the *Sunday Times*), it implies that when a composer writes a 'real' symphony, his mind functions in one way, and when he writes programme music, in another. Of course, Mr. Newman had no difficulty in showing that when all is said and done, a composer's mind always functions in fundamentally the same way; that whether his imaginative moods originate in a story, a dramatic situation, or not, his creative imagination finds the same kind of expression for them—that he always uses, broadly speaking, musical ideas of the kind that his mind naturally conceives rather than certain others.

This basic sameness of every composer's idiom and style in poetic as in abstract music is, by the way, a serious objection to theories such as Schweitzer's on the representative or poetic significance of Bach's musical language. For, in Bach's abstract works—in the fugues and partitas among others—we are constantly encountering the very same kind of musical ideas and patterns as in the vocal works on the examination of which Schweitzer's theory rests. And by no stretch of quibbling can we justify the notion that when composing those fugues or partitas, Bach was thinking, here of falling leaves, there of a snake, and so on. But what if he was, after all? There is no earthly reason why a musical idea inspired by the notion of falling leaves, or of a snake, or of anything under the sun or in the human mind, and also the musical working-out of this idea, should be less good and independent than ideas and working out conceived in the abstract—should not 'begin where words cease', as Sibelius tells us a genuine symphony should.

Yet even those who, like myself, are convinced that good programme-music and good abstract music (by 'good' I simply mean worth considering) are, in the last resort, one and the same thing, agree that a distinction is to be made, if only for temporary purposes of study and analysis, so as to do away with the confusion that prevails on the question. It cannot help listeners to be forever wondering whether they should listen to Borodin's and Franck's and d'Indy's symphonies as to programme music, any more than to believe that programme music should be heard in a certain spirit, and abstract music in another.

I, for one, should express the distinction thus: even though programme music and pure music amount to the same thing in the end, the composition of programme music is something special; is a matter of processes rather than of moods, and especially of formal processes. Granting that a musical idea inspired by falling leaves will differ in shape, rhythm, and colour from one suggested by a snake (I trust I shall be forgiven for keeping to the childishly simple illustrations I selected at the start), it stands to reason that a programme consisting of a multitude of elements in a certain order of succession—such as the stories of Mazeppa, or Sadko, or Tamara—will suggest certain musical developments and preclude certain

others, exactly as the notion of falling leaves precludes certain rhythms and colours which the notion of a snake might suggest. The programme may preclude devices that are part and parcel of the usual abstract formal schemes, and suggest quite unusual ones. This is where the trouble begins. An article on the symphonic poem in an early edition of a well-known dictionary says, among other things:

At present, it would seem that the absence of any recognisable design is considered essential to success. Existing specimens have very little in common with the design of the true symphony.

In other words, the writer of the article looked not for the form that might be there or not, according to the composer's capacity for form-building, but for one particular order of form which he would 'recognise'—that is, know again when he saw it. Not finding this, he passed on with a '*Graecum est, non legitur*'—except by reference to a crib, to a programme. Thus did a certain German critic, after the first performance of Brahms' C minor symphony, write, 'We could make neither head nor tail of it, so we suppose it must be a symphonic poem'. And, I fear, many people would say the same of Sibelius' own symphonies, whose formal schemes are boldly unconventional and cannot be 'recognised' by reference to cut-and-dried types.

'The test of good form', Mr. Ernest Newman once said, 'is the feeling that every note is working towards a divinely pre-appointed end'. There are more ways than one of achieving good form in this sense. In symphonic poems, no matter whatever order of succession the programme suggests, everything that occurs (be it the representation of Don Quixote thrown up into the air by a windmill, or of Stenka Razin throwing the Persian princess into the water) must be musically justified, must be related to the context and so to the whole. But even so, a point is now and then reached at which we may feel that the coming of a certain contrast, for instance, was determined from without and not from within—not by the music that came before, but by the literary or dramatic idea which had to be illustrated at that point. For some of us it will be the 'hero's labours' section in 'Heldenleben'; for others, the reappearance of the *idée fixe* in the *scène aux champs* of Berlioz's 'Symphonic Fantastique'. For me it was, a few weeks ago, several things in the 'Temptation' section of Hindemith's 'Mathis' symphony, and, more recently, one or two of the episodes in the finale of Shaporin's symphony—the first three movements of this superb work having been absolutely plain sailing for me without my ever having to give a thought to programmatic intentions, real or imaginary.

But the very fact that on such matters opinions may vary, and also the fact that non-programmatic music conveys, at times, similar impressions, show how very precarious our standards can be. The inner logic of form, and especially of unusual form, is practically impossible to explain. Nobody has ever succeeded in explaining the form of 'Tamara' or of the 'Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune'. And—to revert to the main point—we can no more explain away unusual features in music which the composer gives us as non-programme music by saying that it must be programme music all the same, than we can deny the inner logic of a tone-poem simply because we do not find in it the landmarks of sonata form or rondo form or any other set form. For this reason, Sibelius' dictum may, I fear, do a good deal of harm—which however, it may partly undo if it persuades listeners to seek no verbal explanations of his symphonies. This may lead them to listen in the same spirit to his tone-poems and also, let us hope, to the great symphonies and tone-poems by other composers—for instance, to Liszt's superb 'Dante' symphony (which is to be broadcast on March 27) and to Borodin's and other post-Beethoven symphonies over and above Brahms'.

Morality Old and New

The Christian Basis of Morality

By the Rev. HUGH MARTIN

YOU may remember that in my last talk* I tried to state the case for morality apart from any religious considerations. It is important, especially in these days, to say what can be said along those lines. But I am sure that in the long run it is impossible to separate morality and religion. I want now to discuss the contribution of religion to morality, and I am going to simplify the issue by confining myself to the Christian religion.

I can sum up what I want to say by the statement that Christianity supplies to morality a picture of what the good life is, a reasonable basis by rooting morality in the nature of things, and it offers, also, power to live the good life. I am going to comment on these three headings, inevitably in only a suggestive and not a thorough way.

Firstly, I believe Christianity supplies a moral standard in the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. In my last talk I suggested that the basis for morals would be found in the true nature of man. Christians see revealed in Jesus not only the truth about God, but also the true nature of man. He is man as God meant him to be. The New Testament is not a textbook of morality, nor is Christianity primarily a new ethical system. It is a Gospel, a message of good news, the proclamation of something God has done for men and of what God eternally is. The morality follows from that. No ready-made moral code is to be found in the New Testament. Jesus was not a legislator. If we must draw such comparisons, He was a poet. The legislator defines and qualifies. The poet is suggestive, symbolical, epigrammatic. He is not afraid of a sweeping assertion that for the moment forgets all qualifications. To treat the sayings of Jesus as commandments for literal legalistic obedience is to treat them as He never meant them to be treated. Nor are Christians called to copy the details of the life of Jesus. What we have to do is to seek to apply His spirit, His attitude, His outlook, to our own vastly different situation. We may often wish that we had in the New Testament a guide to conduct with an elaborate index ready for quick reference. But Christianity is not so easy as that. Jesus seldom told people what to do; He helped them to find out for themselves.

A Creative Attitude to Life

What Jesus brings to men is a new creative attitude to life and a new quality of living. His influence is not that of an external example but of an inner inspiration. When a man came asking Him for a decision about a property dispute, Jesus went behind the dispute to the man himself to whom property rights meant more than fellowship. The real problem could not be dealt with until the man's covetous spirit had been changed. Nothing more searching in the realm of morality has ever been spoken than the words of Jesus: 'Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit'. From within out of the heart of man spring all moral goodness and all moral evil. So Jesus attacked lust rather than adultery, hatred rather than murder. But, of course, in attacking lust and hatred He is dealing with their fruits in the most effective way possible. Any other method is superficial. The concern of Christianity is to plant in the heart the love of God and man as the root of the good life. And when we thus get to the innermost meaning of life, the fact that Jesus lived nearly two thousand years ago in a very different world from ours, is seen to matter very little. The external setting of the twentieth century is largely irrelevant for most of our problems of personal relationships. Jealousy and lust and greed, unselfishness and generosity, the rapture of love, the grief of bereavement—such expressions of the human spirit have not changed. At heart men and women are today what they were twenty centuries ago.

Our standard, then, is the spirit of Christ—what the New Testament calls 'the mind of Christ'—not the copying of His

actions or manner of life in detail, or even literal obedience to His teachings. In seeking to achieve an understanding of the mind that was in Jesus, there is no substitute for the repeated and thorough study of the Gospel stories, supplemented, as every Christian would say, by personal fellowship with the living Christ. But of that I am not now speaking. Study of the Gospels reveals that to Jesus love was the sum and substance of the good life. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'. The man who has learned this needs no Ten Commandments. 'For the whole law is fulfilled in one word, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'.

The Solution of All Problems

Jesus believed in love as no-one else in history has ever done. He believed that love fearlessly applied would solve all life's problems, though it might lead to a cross. He not only commended love in His teachings, He actually practised it to the full in His life. He wanted us to turn the whole world into a family of our Father in heaven and to treat all men with the consideration and sympathy we show to our sons or brothers.

It is obviously essential to make quite sure that we are using love in the sense that Jesus gave to it, if we are to make it the guide of our conduct. Equally, if we propose to reject the Christian basis of morality, we ought to be sure first that we know what we are rejecting. In many of its interpretations love is clearly no basis for any sound system of ethics. It is a calamity that one word has to do duty for so many different meanings. The New Testament meaning has been classically expressed in the Apostle Paul's prose poem: 'Love is very patient, very kind; love knows no jealousy; love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful; love is never glad when others go wrong; love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient'. Love in this sense is clearly more than a matter of feeling; there is thought and action in it, too. It means active goodwill. It certainly does not mean lazy good nature or pretending that all men are angels. It does not rule out sternness with ourselves or with others. It means service, not only in caring for the sick and the hungry, but in seeking to prevent distress as well as to cure it. It means not only individual helpfulness, but the determination to build a social order in which freedom, happiness and dignity can be the lot of all. And it means a forgiving spirit, ready for the restoration to fellowship of those who have done us wrong.

This brings us to our second point. Jesus urges us to love, to serve, to forgive, because that is how God acts. The first Christian commandment roots love in the very foundations of the universe and in the purpose of its Creator for human life. Jesus argues that human love—the highest element in our character—is the best clue we possess to the character of God. Our love is ultimately the reflection and the outcome of the Divine love. The most accurate picture we can find of the power at the centre of the universe is the loving heart of a Father. In calling us to love, Jesus is thus not demanding an unnatural mode of behaviour too difficult for human beings, but the kind of life men were made for. The life of active goodwill is the really human life. It calls out what is finest in manhood. Only on the basis of such goodwill can human society successfully function. Jesus did not think of selfishness and greed and fear as fundamental human nature. They are perversions—grit thrown into the machinery.

The morality and the religion of Jesus are thus inextricably mingled. Some say the heart of Christianity is the Sermon on the Mount, meaning that Jesus was a moral teacher and that we should do well to get rid of the theological accretions that ecclesiastics have imposed on the simplicity of the Gospel. But the Sermon on the Mount bases duty to our fellows on the fact that we are all children of God and must do as our

Father does. In living by the law of love, so Christianity asserts, we are basing our lives on the rock on which the universe is built. Conscience is no lying voice. However distorted in transmission, it is ultimately the echo of the voice of God. Apart from such a religious faith morality in the last analysis is unintelligible.

Intellectual Approval is Not Enough

Thirdly, Christianity not only brings to morality a standard and an intellectual justification, it reveals the source of power for the living of the good life. Indeed, the moral demands of Christianity are only reasonable if they are associated with the new power that Christianity offers. If Jesus were only an example, He might be a source of despair rather than of help. But He is not a teacher only: He is a Saviour. The trouble is that half the time we don't want to be good. A morality that ignores the fact of sin, of evil desire, is criminally sentimental. St. Paul found no power in an admirable moral code to overcome the weakness he discovered in himself. No cool intellectual approval of the good as good is adequate for the achievement of the good life.

However we may explain the working of it, the fact of the presence among men of the living Christ, one and continuous with the historic Jesus, has been the greatest redemptive force in history. Men of all the Christian centuries and of all lands and races could be called as witnesses to that. It is not only from criminal pursuits and sexual vice and the like that redemption is needed and given. Men may be redeemed from cynicism and boredom by being given something to live for. They may be delivered from the love of power and money. They can be helped to put themselves out of the centre of the picture and to put God and their fellows there instead.

The truth of the redemptive power of Christ is not contradicted, though it is obscured, by the equally undoubted fact that many professing Christians do not show this moral mastery in daily life. Some of us are poor advertisements of our faith. But we know that when we fail it is because we have not made use of the power that is available. It is not that Christ has failed us; it is we who have failed Him. And there are many triumphant souls who can be cited as evidence of what Christ can and does do for men and women.

Living on Ethical Capital

It is also true that many of us know atheists and agnostics for whose way of life we can have nothing but respectful admiration, although they disclaim any religious faith. But I still hold my ground. For one thing, many so-called agnostics have more religious faith than they care to own up to. And further, many atheists and agnostics were brought up in Christian homes and can never get rid of their influence. They are, indeed, living on capital accumulated by other people. They are like slip-coaches detached from the main train, kept going by the momentum of what they have left. There is no use denying that an individual or a family here and there may get along tolerably well in the realm of behaviour without religion. Atheists are at times no more logical than Christians. But a decay of religious faith is normally followed by a decay of moral standards, as is being illustrated today—not for the first time in history. If the universe is meaningless and moral effort futile, conduct is bound to be affected. It is not possible for long to separate a man's real beliefs about life from his actions.

Morality may live apart from faith for a while. Cut flowers are often very beautiful. But they wither.

Old Testament Poetry—I

By CANON A. C. DEANE

OUR forefathers weren't much to be blamed if they scarcely realised that the Bible contained any poetry at all. For, magnificent as the Authorised Version was, and unequalled as it remains, it has one serious fault. It prints all the poems in the Bible exactly as if they were prose. Now just imagine that you had never read, let us say, Shakespeare's Sonnets or Keats' Ode to a Nightingale. Then suppose that someone gave you copies of them printed as the Authorised Version prints the biblical poems. The lines of print would not correspond with the lines of verse, except now and again by accident. The thing would look like a chunk of prose, and if you read it as printed, line by line, the effect might be:

Thou wast not born for death immortal
bird no hungry generations tread thee
down the voice I hear this passing
night was heard in ancient days by—

and so on. Before long, no doubt, your ear would pick up the rhyme, and you would discover that you were reading verse. But certainly your enjoyment of it would not be helped by the odd way in which it had been printed as prose. And in Hebrew poetry there's no rhyme or metre to show you where one line ends and the next begins. Here is an ordinary two-column edition of the Authorised Version. I look at the first verse of Psalm 19, and find that it is printed in three lines; thus:

The heavens declare the glory
of God, and the firmament
sheweth his handywork.

Even so, you may soon pick up the rhythm of the lines, yet how far more easily had they been printed:

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament sheweth his handywork—

if, that is to say, these two lines of poetry had been printed as two lines of poetry, instead of as three lines of prose!

There was a time when our ancestors believed that the Psalms could only become real poetry when they had been forcibly equipped with metre and rhyme. Some of the Scottish Paraphrases were fine enough, and Addison's version of this 19th Psalm—you know it, I hope; it begins: 'The

spacious firmament on high'—was splendid. But have you ever looked through the Tate and Brady versions that used to be bound up with the English Prayer-book, and were 'appointed to be sung in churches'? You will recall the thunderous sweep of word-music with which the Psalms describe the plagues of Egypt. Well, Messrs. Tate and Brady rewrote them in this fashion:

He called for darkness, darkness came;
Nature his summons knew;
Each stream and lake, transformed to blood,
The wondering fishes slew.
In putrid floods, throughout the land,
The pest of frogs was bred,
From noisome fens sent up to croak
At Pharaoh's board and bed.

You will agree, I think, with this example in your ears, that rhyme and metre don't necessarily make poetry. Equally the Bible or Prayer-book version of the Psalms will convince you that there can be superb poetry without the help of either rhyme or metre.

But when you want to enjoy the poetry of such books as Proverbs, the Song of Songs, Ecclesiastes and (above all) of Job, you will be wise to read it in the Revised Version of the Old Testament. That was published just fifty years ago, in 1885. Unluckily, the Revised New Testament had appeared separately, four years earlier. It was immediately, and, on the whole, deservedly unpopular. Its technical defects, from the point of view of scholarship, are more evident today than they were when it was first published. But at once the general reader disliked it on account of the needless and exasperating changes it had made, some of which ruined the cadence of sentences he knew and loved. As a result, most people jumped to the conclusion that the Revised Old Testament must be of the same quality. But it wasn't. It was vastly better, in every way. It made fewer changes, and those it did make often gave sense to a passage which hitherto had been practically unintelligible. And—this is the point specially concerning us now—for the first time the reader found the poetical books printed as poetry, instead of as prose. It failed to do this, unfortunately,

with the poetry found in the prophetic books. Yet the gain was great.

Now perhaps I had better say a few words about the structure of Hebrew poetry, for those who are not acquainted with it. Its main feature is called 'Parallelism'—rather an alarming word, but it means simply that rhythmical sentences are so arranged that they balance and answer one another. In the simplest form, the second line merely repeats the sense of the first in different words. Almost any Psalm will give us examples. Here are the first four verses of Psalm 20:

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble,
The Name of the God of Jacob defend thee,
Send thee help from the sanctuary,
And strengthen thee out of Zion.
Remember all thy offerings,
And accept thy burnt-sacrifice;
Grant thee thy heart's desire,
And fulfil all thy mind.

Or the second line of the couplet may suggest a contrast with the first. Here are verses 7 and 8 of the same Psalm:

Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses;
But we will remember the name of the Lord our God.
They are brought down, and fallen:
But we are risen, and stand upright.

Sometimes you find a four-line stanza—like one of ours with the rhymes, *a, b, a, b*:

Except the Lord build the house,
Their labour is but lost that build it;
Except the Lord keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

There are a good many other forms, but we can easily notice them for ourselves. The examples I have just given are taken from the Prayer-book version, because that is the most familiar to many of you, and also the most rhythmical. In that version you will notice a colon-stop half-way through each verse. Always, in reading, use that stop; make it mark the pause between the two sentences or parts of a sentence. If you will observe that pause, you will get the 'feel', the cadence, of Hebrew poetry. Otherwise you won't. Let me try to illustrate this by some four-line stanzas from Psalm 19:

The law of the Lord is an undefiled law,
Converting the soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure,
And giveth wisdom unto the simple:
The statutes of the Lord are right,
And rejoice the heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure,
And giveth light unto the eyes:
The fear of the Lord is clean,
And endureth for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true,
And righteous altogether.

Of course it is a slow movement—though not too slow; *andante con moto*. Now for a contrast take another piece—*allegro giocoso*, this time. The waves of the Red Sea have engulfed the hosts of Egypt. The terror of the Israelites has been turned into triumph. Their ranks march on, shouting exultantly; beside them the women leap, and dance, and shake their timbrels:

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
The Lord is a man of war;
The Lord is his name;
Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power,
Thy right hand, O Lord, dashes in pieces the enemy.
Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods.
Who is like thee, glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises, doing wonders?
The Lord shall reign for ever and ever!

'And Miriam the prophetess', the narrative adds, 'took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances. And Miriam answered them:

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea!'

Isn't that splendid?

Next I want you to notice another fragment—from the book of Habakkuk. Most of that book consists of extremely dismal prose, but the last chapter contains a hymn. And at the end of it Habakkuk seems to pull himself together, so to speak. Suppose, he reflects, all these highly unpleasant things do happen, what then? Why, this:

Though the fig tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
The labour of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls;
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my salvation!

That is a noble profession of simple faith.

I must say a few words about Job, which is not less than one of the most magnificent poems in all literature. You realise, I hope, the general scheme of the poem. Pious Israelites were never tired of asserting that here and now in this life the good man prospers, the sinner meets with misfortune. The first Psalm, written as a preface to the whole Psalter, is a short essay on that theme. 'Whosoever the good man doeth, it shall prosper'. 'As for the ungodly; it is not so with them'. Well, you can only hold that view by shutting your eyes to the facts of life, and the book of Job was written to expose its falsity. Job suffers apparently undeserved calamities. His three friends blandly assure him that the fact of his having to suffer these calamities proves that he must have sinned grievously. Each of the friends makes sententious speeches to this effect, and Job answers each in turn. At last 'Miserable comforters are ye all', he says, and turns from their conventional phrases to try to explore for himself the dark problem of evil. Presently a fourth friend, Elihu, appears, but he was a later addition to the book, and you will be wise to leave out his speeches when you read it. They merely weaken the effect. Finally, Job turns from his friends and boldly challenges God. God answers out of a whirlwind, in passages of the most majestic beauty. He does not solve the problem for Job, but shows how little man can know of God's greatness, how unreasonable is his demand to be able to understand all God's ways of dealing with mankind. And Job sees the folly of his words against God, he repents in dust and ashes; he begins, as it were, a new life with a nobler creed. With something like that general idea in your mind, read the book. Read it, not in snippets, but in long stretches, so that you may feel to the full the thunder and surge of its diction. For the same reason, read at a steady pace, not sticking because you find—as even in the Revised Version you will find—some of the sentences obscure. It is the effect of the whole that I want you to feel. You know well already, I am sure, the superb 28th chapter—the search for wisdom, ending:

When he made a decree for the rain,
And a way for the lightning of the thunder,
Then did he see it and declare it;
He established it, yea, and searched it out:
And unto man he said,
Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

It does seem amazing, doesn't it, that there should be people who rather pride themselves on their knowledge of, and love for, poetry who yet know practically nothing, outside the Psalms, of the poetry in the Old Testament? Well, here, to finish with, is just one more example of what Hebrew poetry can attain. It comes from the 8th Chapter of the Book of Proverbs. Wisdom speaks:

When he established the heavens, I was there;
When he set a circle upon the face of the deep;
When he made firm the skies above;
When the foundations of the deep became strong,
When he gave the sea its bound,
That the waters should not transgress his commandment;
When he marked out the foundations of the earth:—
Then I was by him, as a master-workman,
And I was daily his delight;
Rejoicing always before him,
Rejoicing in his habitable earth:
And my delight was with the sons of men . . .
Now therefore, my sons, hearken unto me;
For blessed are they that keep my ways:
Hear instruction, be wise, and refuse it not.
Blessed is the man that heareth me,
Watching daily at my gates,
Waiting at the posts of my doors!
For whoso findeth me findeth life,
And shall obtain favour of the Lord:
But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul.
All they that hate me
Love death.

What need of more? That is Hebrew poetry.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

Iraq's Oil Begins its Journey

Broadcast on February 7

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from officiating at five ceremonies in five different countries. In each case the purpose of the ceremony was the same—the inauguration of the great oil pipe-line which connects the Iraq Petroleum Company's field at Kirkuk in Iraq with the Mediterranean ports of Haifa and Tripoli.

Oil was discovered in Iraq in 1927 and the first well flowed at the rate of 5,000 tons a day. Further development indicated that here existed huge deposits of oil capable of development for the service of man and his machines for a great many years to come. The next problem was to transport the oil to the coast. The pipe-lines for this purpose, with all their ancillary equipment, have now been completed. It was felt that this should be marked by a suitable celebration in which representatives of the many nationalities and classes interested should meet and exchange good wishes. There is no understanding so real and lasting as that which comes from friendly personal contact. We felt it the more since in each territory we have had such general and such hearty co-operation; and have become so much an accepted part of the life of the country.

Hence arose our project of asking a number of guests and colleagues from Europe and the United States to join us in the Near East for this occasion, and of bringing them face to face with the rulers, the governing classes and leading representatives of the public in each country. We were honoured by the presence of distinguished British and French Government delegations, headed by the Earl Stanhope, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Monsieur Paul Bastid, Chairman of the French Foreign Office Committee.

By the time our guests had completed the round journey, many of them had travelled 7,000 miles by rail, water, air and road. They had passed over or through countries and places of infinite legendary and historical interest—the land of the Bible and the Cities of the Arabian Nights, the land which might be described as the cockpit of Asia from centuries before Alexander to the yesterday of Allenby. Great monuments of antiquity remain to mark the events of long bygone days. And now, beside them, is one of the outstanding achievements of modern engineering skill—2,000 miles of various pipe-lines.

The first of the ceremonies took place at Kirkuk, where the oil starts on its long journey to the coast. The King arrived by air and a special train carried the rest of the party; the British Ambassador, Sir Francis Humphrys, as usual being his own pilot. Here in a remote and sterile corner of Iraq is gathered all the apparatus of a great oil-producing industry—an intricate nexus of field-lines, huge tanks, a giant pump-house ready to impel oil along two lines, each a foot in diameter, in the first stage of its long journey to the coast. The King of Iraq, accompanied by the notables of his country and many others, inspected the buildings and plant, and came finally to the Controls. Here all was immobile and silent. The King's hand rested upon a valve. He turned it. Immediately the silence was ended. The engines roared; pumps sprang into life; and the oil of Iraq set out upon its long journey to the markets of the world. It would travel at a quick walking pace and take about ten days to reach the Mediterranean. The first ceremony was over; and after a banquet and exchange of felicitations, the guests set out for Damascus and the next inauguration.

The weather, which had hitherto been perfect, now broke. Five aeroplanes set off from Baghdad to Haditha, on the River Euphrates. Only one, the swiftest of the fleet, in which Lord Stanhope and I were travelling, reached its objective. Of the rest one made a forced landing and the remainder, including an air-liner, were ordered back by wireless to Baghdad after two hours' contest with storm and rain. They reached Damascus, however, that evening.

The ceremony at Damascus was so timed that the French High Commissioner (le Comte de Martel) would inaugurate a pumping station almost at the moment that the oil which the King of Iraq had set in motion came along the pipe-line.

After Damascus, we set out for Tripoli—again in thoroughly bad weather. Some of us managed to get through with no worse obstacles than thick fogs and driving sleet on the highest mountain pass. Others, who left later, spent a long and arduous

day in negotiating snowdrifts, sleet and torrential rainstorms. On the day of the ceremony, however, the weather improved. The French High Commissioner completed one series of transport operations by setting in motion pumps which drew oil from storage tanks, forced it through a pipe-line laid on the bottom of the sea, and into a tankship lying well off shore.

From Tripoli we went on to the southern terminal at Haifa. A stretch of desolate sand-dune has now been transformed into a modern tank farm and loading installation. Here the first operation in the loading of a tanker was accomplished by Sir Arthur Wauchope, High Commissioner for Palestine and Transjordan.

Only one more ceremony remained to be performed—at Amman, the picturesque capital of Transjordan, and the chief city of H.H. the Amir Abdullah. Here the East, typified by Sheikhs, religious dignitaries and other notables in their colourful garb, mixed with representatives of Western diplomacy and commerce.

SIR JOHN CADMAN

The Pepper Crisis

Broadcast on February 8

PEPPER COMES FROM THE EAST—mostly from the Dutch East Indies, which ship it to Singapore and thence to its final markets. There is not a great deal of it in a normal crop; and, consequently, it seems that it would not take much money to buy all the pepper there is. Whatever the reason, a group began to buy it last summer, and they bought enough to supply all Britain for four years or more. They didn't want it; as events have proved, they couldn't pay for it; and, finally, they couldn't sell it. Their buying was a speculation—they hoped for a rise, and they got it; but they had bought much more than they could sell. Twenty thousand tons is not mere speculation; and their first mistake was that they had not money enough to corner the whole market.

There were mistakes leading up to this. The worst was that they bought only white pepper; apparently they forgot that black pepper can be turned into white pepper: it is quite easy, you just soak the berries and trample on them, like grapes in a wine-press, till the skin comes off. And so the more they bought the more there was; and, in 1934, although the crop was not large, nearly three times as much pepper was sent to England as in the year before. The group had a profit, but they couldn't sell: if they stopped buying, there was too much white pepper, and their profit would quickly become a loss. So they went on buying, till they had committed themselves to find money they couldn't borrow.

None of this has much effect on the price the grocer charges us for our pepper; by the time it gets to the shop it is three or four times the market price, and a gap like this can absorb the vagaries of the market. And the money involved at first sight doesn't seem to be large—about two million pounds. But such a failure has all sorts of after-effects. Everybody is hurt who had dealings with the group, everybody to whom the group owes money. If, to begin with, the group fails to pay, their produce brokers must attempt to find the money. While they are trying, they may sell their shares, or their wheat, their linseed, their shellac or their tin, if they can find a buyer whose money will meet the gap; prices fall, and other folk are affected. If the money is not found, the loss falls on the man who shipped the pepper from Singapore; and so the trail passes on.

It is Mr. Garabed Bishirgian who has most of the publicity in this case, though it is not yet known who has been with him in this venture, and rumour soon got busy. It is easy to spread rumours when a market has been forced to close, and at one time there were forecasts of wholesale failure in Mincing Lane. The idea that the banks should help the group was bad politics from the outset; and a wonderful suggestion was made, that the Dutch Government should help the London pool by forcing a restricted output on the plantations in the East. Both suggestions were obviously impracticable; and yesterday a petition was filed for the compulsory winding up of James and Shakespeare Ltd., a company of which Mr. Bishirgian is one of the directors.

Rumour was soon busy with the names of Mr. Bishirgian's friends. It was known that he had played a big part in the market work for fin restriction; and this morning we heard that a gentle-

man, a director of many companies associated with the tin group, had resigned some of his directorates. No doubt it was this which led to the stories which Consolidated Goldfields—a concern valued at over ten million pounds—found it necessary to contradict.

Such is the story of a speculation—but a speculation in professional hands and, if the size of it is anything to go by, an unsuccessful attempt to force prices up by keeping the market short of stock. It is a storm in a teacup; but a storm none the less. By some days' suspension of dealings, Mincing Lane has tided over the worse of the crisis; all, save possibly two, of the firms will be able to meet their commitments. Help has been found; but it is help for genuine traders; speculators have been left to go to the wall if they cannot pay.

A. P. L. GORDON

Things that Make for War—and Peace

ALTHOUGH WE HAVE terrible unemployment and poverty in our own country, yet the Continent on the whole is even more unfortunate. Some time ago, I was in a village of Eastern Europe where there was such poverty that nobody could afford a box of matches. In fact there were only a few matches left in the whole village, and the peasants had developed great skill in slicing matches with a razor, so as to make two—or even four—matches out of one. There was no coal and very little wood even. The thermometer was down to about 27 degrees below freezing point. Most of the cottages were heated with straw. That is to say, the straw was pressed together in a compact mass so that it didn't just burn away quickly, but went on glowing and smouldering for hours in the fireplace—not a very warm fire. There was little kerosene or petroleum and very few candles. So that the village was almost completely dark throughout the whole of the long winter night. There wasn't overmuch to eat, either. Millions of villagers in East Europe have lived in conditions such as these for many a winter now. They are beginning to ask 'Is this going on for ever?' Some are resigned and apathetic. Others say that something has got to be done and are willing to follow anyone who promises to do it.

Nations or classes that lose patience and think—perhaps quite rightly—that the time has come to act are often in a very militant mood. And so their neighbours get alarmed—and then there's talk of war. And talk of war produces fear of war.

Perhaps you will say that, if this is so, there really hasn't been any progress. I think you would be mistaken. Peace is rather more solid than it used to be—it has a structure now. Perhaps it isn't a very strong building yet, but not so weak as it may seem. It has been rather cleverly planned, and during the last few months there have been quite a lot of repairs. One of them has been carried out in South-Eastern Europe—in the Balkans. It isn't at all impossible that some day we shall have a peaceful federation of all the Balkan States. That will mean a smaller chance for war in one part of Europe, anyhow.

There has been an improvement in Southern Europe and the Mediterranean, also. France and Italy have settled up differences that brought them near to war several times—settled them up for good, as we may hope. The work done by the Balkan countries, and by France and Italy, went a long way towards making the recent discussions here in London a success.

In Eastern Europe, people aren't quite agreed yet about the improvements that are needed. Germany is getting on much better with Poland than she used to. Hitler took up the work begun years ago by that great politician, Dr. Stresemann, who made Germany promise never to change her frontiers with Poland by force. France and Russia have come closer together too, and are trying to improve things with their 'Eastern Pact'. But neither Germany nor Poland is very keen about this Pact. Every new pact that is proposed has to be discussed on its merits and you mustn't conclude that because it doesn't seem acceptable to some countries, these countries don't want peace. So we can't tell yet whether Germany and Poland will join it in the end.

F. A. VOIGT

Jersey Crops

THE CHANNEL ISLANDERS have not been brought into any of our Marketing Schemes yet in any definite way, and it may not be possible to do so; but I do feel called upon in my neutral capacity here to put something of their case, for consideration at times when the question of control of imports

arises, affecting them and competing growers in this country. The first thing to remember about the Channel Islands is that, fertile as their land may seem, it is definitely limited. I should imagine that Jersey is only less than one-sixth the size of the Isle of Wight—and Guernsey is even smaller. Jersey's great advantage as a producer of crops is the simple fact that although only about 100 miles southwards of Southampton, its lands are so favourably exposed to the sun; people there can start planting the potato crop now, and have them out of the ground and sold before the end of June. The plain reason for that is that all the northern cliff line, probably 15 miles or so, is just practically one mass of granite 200 or 300 feet out of the sea—a sort of backwall to wild weather. The whole face of the Jersey soil is tilted southwards up to the sun, and being on the light side with a reasonable rainfall, heavily manured, deeply cultivated, with the agricultural skill inherited from generations of land-workers, they get a big return of crops. Jersey takes two crops—early potatoes, in some cases, out of the ground by the beginning of May, to be immediately planted up again with the outdoor tomato plants. Or on the land on the higher levels a trifle heavier the potato crop comes out towards the end of May, and roots are put in for winter feeding for the 11,000 or so cattle on the island.

The Potato Board issued a statement a few days ago intimating that Jersey growers would endeavour to get all their potatoes sold by June 30 this year. It left me, at the time that I read it, with the impression that that was a firm undertaking on the part of the Jersey growers, but when I got over there I found that they were not accepting it in quite so definite a form. It suits them to get their potatoes out of the way as early as possible; first, because of the price, and again because they want to get their second crop in, and again because they want to get it out of the way of the possibilities of blight. So naturally they do their very best to market all their potatoes by the end of June. But it usually happens that they have anything from 1,000 to 4,000 tons still unsold in the first ten days of July—from this later land. But I rather fancy it is their later outdoor tomato crop which tends to collide with the glass-house supplies of our own growers, and that is an issue I feel will require the closest collaboration between our interests and theirs.

JOHN MORGAN

B.B.C. General Advisory Council

THE B.B.C. ANNOUNCES that the first meeting of the new General Advisory Council, of which the Archbishop of York has accepted the Chairmanship, will be held at Broadcasting House on Wednesday, February 20. This Council has been set up in view of the increasing scope and responsibilities of the broadcasting service. It will act for an experimental period of two years. There are two objects in view: first, that the Corporation may have the benefit of the advice, on matters of policy, of the eminent men and women who have agreed to serve on the Council, and secondly, it is hoped that the members of the Council will be prepared to interpret the policy and practice of the Corporation to the various sections of the community with which they may be specially associated. The Corporation has always had the advice of specialist committees, and the Chairman of each of these is also a member of the Council. The Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education ended its term of office last July and is now replaced by the new Council.

The following have accepted invitations to membership: His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York (Chairman); The Warden of All Souls; Professor Ernest Barker, Litt.D., LL.D.; Sir William H. Beveridge, K.C.B., LL.D.; The Rt. Hon. Margaret Bondfield; Colonel John Buchan, C.H., M.P.; The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Charlemont; Mr. Walter M. Citrine; The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, K.T., F.R.S., LL.D.; Sir H. Walford Davies, C.V.O., Mus. Doc., LL.D.; Mr. Joseph F. Duncan; Miss Grace E. Hadow; Mr. Spencer Leeson; The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M., M.P.; The Rt. Hon. the Lord Macmillan, K.C., LL.D.; Sir Walter H. Moberly, D.S.O., D.Litt.; Mr. John Murray, LL.D.; Sir George Newman, K.C.B., M.D., D.C.L.; Professor J. H. Nicholson; The Rt. Hon. Lord Eustace Percy, M.P.; Principal Sir Robert S. Rait, C.B.E., LL.D.; The Rt. Hon. the Lord Rennell, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.; The Lord Rutherford, O.M., F.R.S.; Sir J. Arthur Salter, K.C.B.; Professor J. A. Scott Watson; Mr. G. Bernard Shaw; Dame Meriel Talbot, D.B.E.; Dame Sybil Thorndike, D.B.E., LL.D.; The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester; The Most Hon. the Marquis of Zetland, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

Points from Letters

Cwing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

Repetitions in Haydn and Mozart

I would like to make two comments on Dr. Harvey Grace's article in THE LISTENER of February 6. (1) Dr. Grace argues that we are justified in cutting some of the repetitions in eighteenth-century symphonies because they were written for musically less intelligent audiences than those of the present day. I do not know what audiences Mozart and Haydn had in mind when they wrote their chamber music and symphonies, but I do think that much is lost by the modern habit of playing their works without the prescribed repeat marks. The whole point of their style is that the second section should not develop the first out of all recognition but should vary it only very slightly; and it is these variations, so minute but so significant, that create the excitement of the movement. The thrills come principally (a) at the beginning of section two where a theme of several bars duration is often taken from section one and used with a slight change of harmony or in a fresh mode or key, and (b) in the middle of the recapitulation, where by the simplest means (e.g. omitting or doubling a phrase in a succession of key-changes) the work remains in the tonic key instead of modulating to the dominant. Now these little changes become much more pointed if our ears have already been steeped in section one by hearing it twice over; and the beginning of the second section often becomes still more exciting when heard a second time in a new relation; and in any case the subtle changes in the recapitulation are so good by contrast with their twice-heard counterpart in the first section, that they are worth hearing a second time, especially if after the second hearing we are delighted with a coda which uses the same material in yet another way.

But as for the intelligence of Mozart's audiences—how was it that in his string quartet in C major (K465), after writing a page of dissonances fit only for the most rarefied intelligences, he directed that both sections of the first and last movements should be repeated? If this was only from force of habit, why are no repeats indicated in the *andante*?

(2) Dr. Grace writes his article before the performance of the Foundations of Music programme to which he refers. I wonder whether the B.B.C. would venture to publish in THE LISTENER an independent critique of these and other studio performances after they have been given?

London, N.3

JOHN MACOMISH

'Russian Tour'

May I ask the hospitality and the authority of THE LISTENER to defend myself from a charge of non-impartiality to my fellow travellers to Russia? Mr. Cummings, in his letter to THE LISTENER, makes me say, in my *Russian Tour*, that our party was mostly made up of Socialists; I have only said that some were either Socialist or socialistically inclined. As concerns the lack of sympathy of this party with the sufferings of the Russian people, Mr. Cummings says that they kept an open mind; I am not going to deny that; it is exactly what I have seen and said, and no more. Mr. Cummings says that I was so prejudiced that I did not go to *their* meetings; again, I am not going to deny that; I was so prejudiced that I refused to let myself be prejudiced by others, and I preferred to walk amongst Russian crowds. Still, I honestly tried to understand how Mr. Cummings, for instance, looked at the Russian system. I remember discussing it with him, who wanted to persuade me that the Bolshevik Government draws no profits from its industries. When I pointed to him that the industrial profits are duly inscribed in every budget, he answered me rather tartly: 'We do not call them profits, we call them plus-value'. No wonder I was discouraged.

Rome

CARLO SCARFOGLIO

With reference to Signor Carlo Scarfoglio's book *Russian Tour* and Mr. A. C. Cummings' comments upon it, I write to confirm all Mr. Cummings says concerning it in your issue of January 30. I was leader of the party. It was a large one composed of men and women of varied professions and callings who went solely to learn what was being done in Russia in the profession to which they belonged. A keen young railway engineer, a civil servant

and his wife—die-hard Tories if anything—a man on the staff of the B.B.C., a lawyer, a physicist, an electrical engineer, and several women social workers. Signor Carlo Scarfoglio joined this party of mine, socially a delightful asset, and we all enjoyed his company. But he really was the only one who had made up his mind about everything in Russia before landing. I discovered that in conversation on board ship with him *en route* for Leningrad. It is difficult to have interesting conversation with the 'I know what I am talking about' man. That was his attitude. On the return journey we had most interesting passengers on board: American men who had worked for years as engineers in Russia, one Englishwoman who had worked six years in a Leningrad factory. We used to meet with them and learn first-hand of conditions in Russia. From these meetings Signor Scarfoglio held aloof—he obviously had nothing to learn. I had the strong conviction that he had decided all he meant to say before he went to Russia and only made the ten days' trip to give an air of reality to his book. We must concede this, that to write a book on Russia after a ten days' visit is courageous, if not correct!

London, W.1

EDITH PICTON-TURBERVILL

Mr. Cummings, in his letter, seems concerned, subjectively, with Signor Scarfoglio himself; I, as the reviewer of *Russian Tour*, was concerned, objectively, with Signor Scarfoglio's book—which perhaps Mr. Cummings has not read! By 'objective' approach I mean a systematic, logical approach, based on direct observation and verified data.

YOUR REVIEWER

Conversation in the Train

The woman who takes part in Miss Winifred Holtby's 'Conversation in the Train' says: 'I want the liberty to be an adventurous, inquiring, experimenting human being', and the Communist quite incredibly replies: 'You're all wrong, comrade, there's no such thing!' I say 'incredibly', because such a statement could not possibly have been made by a Communist. Belief in the value of human personality is absolutely fundamental to what one might call the Communist faith. In Russia one is important not as a member of the Slav race but as an individual. We find there—and in parts of China—a state of affairs in which, to the astonishment and perhaps dismay of the conventionally-minded, and in the face of all expectation to the contrary, the value of the individual human being—'adventurous, inquiring, experimenting'—so far from being denied, is being triumphantly asserted.

Bristol

KATY Y. RINTOUL

The Magic Circle and Karachi's Challenge

Mr. Arthur Darby (alias Phantom, alias Karachi) is under a misapprehension. The Occult Committee's offer of 500 guineas has been clearly defined from the first day (April 30, 1934), when it was made at the Magic Circle's Rope Trick Meeting in the West End of London, under the Chairmanship of Lord Ampthill. It was correctly reported in the *Daily Mail* of May 5, 1934: 'If anyone will come forward and perform the Rope Trick before my Committee we will give him 500 guineas. . . . A claimant must perform the genuine trick—if such a term can be used of such a fake—the rope must be thrown into the air and *defy the force of gravity*, while someone climbs it and disappears'. The italics are my own. That challenge stands, and it is as open to Mr. Darby as to anyone else. We have no intention of modifying either the terms or the amount offered. Our object has been to kill the ridiculous superstition that a miraculous Rope Trick has been performed in India or anywhere else, or that it ever will be performed.

Mr. Darby offers to show us what he has publicly stated is a *conjuring trick*, and what we know from our own sources of information is a *conjuring trick*. We go farther. We know how he does it and why he needs forty-eight hours' preparation and makes the stipulation that we are to keep fifteen yards away from him while he is performing it. So far from giving Mr. Darby 500 guineas for this trick, we would not give him twenty

pence for it. If he likes to challenge me I will tell your readers exactly how he does it, but I have no wish to give away the secret of a perfectly legitimate, if rather clumsy, trick. He says that his demands are 'in accord with what the Indians do, for they always perform the trick on native ground, and never in the white man's private enclosure'. The Occult Committee interviewed a number of witnesses who claimed to have seen the Rope Trick done in India, and have the accounts given by others who refused to be interviewed. Not one of the performers had demanded forty-eight hours for preparation or stipulated the choice of a spot. On the contrary, most of them are represented as doing the trick in the white man's private compound, or else in the public street or on a public maidan where secrecy and preparation such as Mr. Darby demands were impossible. Mr. Darby is incorrect in his facts here.

Karachi was originally represented by his friends as saying that he had sent us a challenge which we had not answered. When I refute that statement categorically he changes his ground and says that he 'published one challenge in *The World's Fair* about eighteen months ago under my former professional name "Phantom" to which no response has yet been given'. I am only aware of one claim such as he describes. It was made by Mr. G. Wood in *The World's Fair* of February 11, 1933. I do not know whether this is another of Mr. Darby's aliases. I at once challenged Mr. Wood in the name of my Committee, and he said quite openly that he made no claims to the supernatural, and that it was nothing but a trick. He wanted financial backing in order to pay for the expensive apparatus the trick demanded. It was obvious that this was not a matter that interested us, and we dropped it by mutual consent. I am not aware of any other claim of the same kind made by 'Phantom'. Otherwise, we would have taken it up at once. It is possible that this is not the challenge he refers to.

In conclusion, our offer still stands. What we are out against is the humbug that in the Rope Trick there is anything supernatural. We have no intention of allowing Mr. Darby or anyone else to alter our terms and so to deflect us from our purpose. He does a rope trick; the showman at Olympia is doing another; and a performer in St. Paul's, Minnesota, does a third. There are still others. They do not interest us in the least. They come within legitimate showmanship, and so long as they do not claim anything supernormal in their performances we have no quarrel with them and will do nothing to damage them or to show up their methods.

London, W. 1

R. H. ELLIOT

Chairman of the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle

India—Lady Layton Replies

In reply to Mr. Codrington's comments in THE LISTENER of January 30, I am fully aware that twenty minutes is not a long time in which to describe India to a general public that has little knowledge of it; but in spite of these limitations I claim that none of my facts were untrue, nor were they misleading. Of course, the extent with which purdah is observed varies tremendously—but in its mildest form it is very humiliating, and in thousands of cases, particularly in the crowded cities, where strictly observed it leads to tuberculosis and unfit many women for motherhood which is thrust upon them at a far earlier age than in most countries. The writer cannot have had the advantage that I had of visiting women in purdah in the slums of Bombay and Delhi, and noting the dark, insanitary rooms in which many of them are condemned to pass most of their lives. But he could study the evidence given to the Joshi Age of Consent Committee, by doctors and judges, and he would then, I feel sure, be less complaisant about the incredible cruelties to women and young girls which the ignorance of the *dhi*, and the forced early birth, and the conditions resulting from purdah produce. The facts and figures of maternity and infantile mortality which I produced are all from official reports, and are the statistical summary of all this horror.

I am quite aware that all Hindu widows may legally remarry; but I have yet to meet the educated Indian or social worker in India who did not deplore the general extent to which the Hindu widow is bound by religious custom and belief to a perpetual widowhood, a narrow, prescribed life, destined to do the most unpleasant tasks, for ever to do penance for her husband's death—surely a tragic situation, even if some of them escape from it.

I have no quarrel with the *dhi* because she is low caste, except that it is generally more difficult for a low caste woman to be clean; she often may not use the pure wells and has little oppor-

tunity for educating herself. A few of the words of H. Suhrawaddy, M.D., F.R.C.S., District Medical Officer of Lillooet, and Fellow and Examiner for Calcutta University and the State Medical Faculty of Bengal, will perhaps best express my view. 'In a great many homes in India, specially among Indians of the higher castes, the confined woman is looked upon as unclean, whose touch necessitates a bath of purification, and therefore the worst and oldest beds, and such rags or bedding as can be thrown away are used and the most useless lumber room of the house is chosen as the lying-in apartment. A dirty, low caste woman, with long and filthy nails and fingers cramped with dirty rings made of base metals, recruited from the untouchable caste, is requisitioned to usher into life the helpless infant . . . The windows and door in that small room are kept securely fastened, and though there are no fireplaces a fire is constantly kept going inside, and a taper kept lighted day and night to ward off the evil spirits'.

Then my critic complains that I use the word 'untouchable' in a general sense to describe the 'depressed' or 'scheduled' castes—the lowest castes of Hindus. Again I am fully aware that there is no exact measure of this community. But Mahatma Gandhi and those who are working so hard on their behalf consider them as part of the Hindu community to such an extent that, under the Poona Award, they vote in separate electorates in the first instance for their own nominees for the New Parliament and then vote with all Hindus for the general Hindu seats, a percentage of which must be reserved for the untouchables. The Joint Select Committee's Report proposes that 10 per cent. of the depressed classes or scheduled castes, or untouchables, who were so ably represented at all the Conferences by Dr. Ambedkar, shall be enfranchised. I do not think, with Mr. Codrington, that the Indian peasant will tire of politics and then restate the problem in his own terms. Rather give the peasant education and a higher standard of living and civic responsibility and he will take an active interest in politics and use it for the benefit of himself, his family and his country.

Putney

E. DOROTHEA LAYTON

'The Serial Universe'

I have no desire to insist on having the last word in the argument with Mr. Newman on *The Serial Universe*. But I feel that a warning should be issued since so many red herrings are being brandished. I am surprised that Mr. Newman continues to repeat, and even attempts to justify, his view that anything that can be said of time can also be said of space; in fact by the very simple expedient of merely changing the words in an argument! Is not the correct procedure to carry out the analysis and then see whether it fits the facts or whether it leads us into difficulties? Still, it is unnecessary further to develop this point, since nearly everyone would agree that arguments which apply to time do not necessarily apply to space. Thus Mr. Newman's demonstration falls to the ground.

His argument about dimensions—*i.e.* that measurements are necessary, and that the number of them must equal the number of dimensions—is somewhat more subtle but equally unsound. If this axiom were accepted, it would prevent physicists from ever talking about universes of more than four dimensions. In fact, no such limitation is observed by them. As Mr. Newman himself points out, mathematicians have for a long time discussed universes of *n*-dimensions and physicists follow their discussions with care. If they had felt assured of the truth of Mr. Newman's dimensional axiom they would certainly have recognised the futility of such unreal exercises and would have left the mathematicians to their unreal puzzles.

As an example of the attitude of physicists, one might quote L. de Broglie. Describing a five-dimensional theory of Relativity, he states: 'Let us imagine with M. Kaluza that, in order to represent the series of events in the universe, it is necessary to employ a manifold of five dimensions; that is, a fifth dimension, corresponding to a fifth variable x^0 is to be added to space-time. The variations of this fifth variable are quite beyond our senses, so that two points of the universe corresponding to the same values of the four variables of space-time but to different values of the variable x^0 are indistinguishable. We are, as it were, shut up in our space-time manifold of four dimensions . . . It would be easy to multiply examples of this sort. Their bearing on the present argument is clear. Do physicists, in fact, recognise the limitation that Mr. Newman seeks to impose, *i.e.* that one must never talk of dimensions which one cannot measure?

In connection with this question of dimensions may I refer Mr. Newman, not to unsatisfactory and illogical journalistic misrepresentations or reviews, but to Bridgman's treatise on *Dimensional Analysis* and to Karl Menger's *Bericht über die Dimensionstheorie*?

University of London

J. A. LAUWERYNS

Youth Looks Ahead

It was specially interesting to me, as an old scholar of New College, Oxford, who held in my day just those Socialist views which Mr. Richard Crossman regards as novel now, to listen to his emphatic and stirring message in the series of talks entitled 'Youth Looks Ahead'. Its menacing tone disturbed and even frightened me a little! Though I was not at Winchester myself, I was yet able to appreciate a kind of sweetness, of a quality, I should have thought, deserving almost to be called Christian, which in other days went with the light that the best boys found there. Mr. Crossman made scathing reference, near the end of his talk, to the lack of Christian fervour in our contemporary life, and there was fervour in his talk undoubtedly, but it did not, to me, sound Christian. Seeing that he was still at school

when that General Strike was called which has had so many disastrous repercussions on the trade of the country, he possibly has not realised that its declared aim was revolution, and that the boy who joyfully announced 'the defeat of the Bolsheviks' was, in spite of the exuberance of the moment, speaking sober truth. I am sure Mr. Crossman's plea for more and more education is the best of all possible programmes; but I hope it will never be pursued at the expense of the best education of the best minds, and these must, of course, always continue to be found in higher proportion in families with an educational tradition. I hope the change will come by continual improvement in popular education, a process conditioned by the difficulty of finding a sufficient number of qualified teachers, and therefore inevitably slow. Mr. Crossman speaks as if, in the years which separate my time from his, the thinking world had been converted to the point of view which is his now and was once mine. But is it not rather the fact that there has been a great influx of power to the support of the views he holds, and does not this power consist simply of the mass of the ingenuous and uneducated—directed by a handful of doctrinaires?

Oxford

BASIL DE SELINCOURT

India

(Continued from page 260)

and safeguarded by Parliament, will have the duty and the means to ensure, if need be, that that political power is exercised by Indian Ministers and Legislatures for the purposes that we intend. The British Raj is not cravenly withdrawing from India. It will remain there, with such modifications of form as circumstances may require, until its work is complete and its presence no longer necessary.

We pride ourselves rightly on the unity that we have brought to India. Never in her long history has India been so united as she is today. But much remains to be done before that unity is securely established. The communal differences are an example to show how necessary our presence still is, and how much the final consolidation of India depends upon Indians themselves. But it is a big step forward towards the goal of a united India that we are now engaged upon—the construction of a Federation of all India embracing the Indian States and the British Indian Provinces. The States will bring many valuable qualities to the Federal Government. They will take a part which they have never been in a position to take before in the settlement of policies which affect their own subjects equally with the people of British India. They will have a wider scope for serving the cause of their country and the Empire. Out of their union with the Provinces of British India there will arise a greater India than the world has yet seen. It is for us this year to lay the foundations for this great edifice. With work like this in hand, why should we indulge in our unfortunate habit of finding fault with ourselves? Let us rather carry it through with resolution and with confidence.

The worst thing that could happen in our dealings with India is that we should be led astray by personal or partisan considerations and that we should be deflected from the pursuit of our declared object either by prejudice or by lack of faith and courage. Lately I came across some words written by one great Parliamentary figure who in our own time played a leading role in Indian affairs of another who had played an even greater role more than 100 years earlier. Morley wrote of Burke that he 'had succeeded in laying the foundations once and for all of a just, philanthropic and responsible public opinion in England with reference to India'. 'Once and for all... a just, philanthropic and responsible public opinion with reference to India'. We are right surely in interpreting the mind of the British people today as intending that those words should be as true of our own time as they were of the century that separated Burke and Morley.

I shall not, I think, be far wrong in summing up the 'just, philanthropic and responsible public opinion' in England today as follows. In accordance with our historic policy and with the object of keeping our Empire together, we have given India certain pledges. Those pledges must be fulfilled. It is at this juncture a question not of the direction of our advance but of the distance that we can now go forward. On this question we have

had enquiries lasting over seven years. Those enquiries have been as thorough and as authoritative as it has been possible to make them. At the end of it all, there has been a Committee of both Houses of our own Parliament, most powerfully constituted and containing many of the most experienced and trusted of our political leaders. That Committee has stated in cogent and impressive language that not only are the proposals it recommends the best and wisest course, but that they are in effect the only practical course. Whatever our individual doubts and anxieties may have been, we shall find no surer guide than this. We shall gain nothing from any prolongation of the controversy. And we shall support Parliament in giving effect to the plan which is based upon so much authority and experience. That I believe is the essence of the opinion that prevails today in Great Britain on the subject of Indian policy.

Forthcoming Music

ELGAR'S MUSIC FOR children will be performed in a programme of its own tomorrow night (February 14) by Section E of the B.B.C. Orchestra and by two soloists, Alice Moxon (soprano) and Stuart Robertson (baritone). The selection to be played will include 'The Wand of Youth', 'Dream Children'—two orchestral pieces inspired by the *Essays of Elia*—and finally 'The Starlight Express', which was first performed as incidental music to the fantasy of the same name by Algernon Blackwood in 1916.

From Genève comes a relay of a light concert in the Regional programme tomorrow afternoon. The first part of this will be given by Bob Engel's Dance Orchestra, with Maroussia Orloff and Jean-Marc Pasche (two pianofortes); and the second, which consists of a selection from 'La Fête des Vignerons' (Gustave Doret) and a suite of airs and dances by Jean Binet, by the French-Swiss Wireless Orchestra, the Orlova Choir, and Ernest Bauer (tenor).

The Regional programme takes a relay from Northern Ireland on Friday (February 15), when the Belfast Philharmonic Society is holding a concert in the Ulster Hall. Handel's L'Allegro, Il Penseroso and Il Moderato will be performed by the Belfast Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra, Elsie Suddaby (soprano), Jan van der Gucht (tenor) and Hooton Mitchell (baritone); and the part of the concert to be relayed also includes the Overture to 'Don Giovanni' by Mozart.

Arrangements have now been made for the London Music Festival for 1935, which will be held on eight evenings between May 10 and June 14. The opening concert on Friday, May 10, will be a Bach Anniversary programme, including the Mass in B Minor, the conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (which will be heard throughout the Festival) being on this occasion Dr. Adrian Boult. The other seven concerts will be shared by two conductors, Serge Koussevitzky (May 17, 22 and 27) and Arturo Toscanini (June 3, 5, 12 and 14).

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Newspaper Headlines. By Heinrich Straumann
Allen and Unwin. 10s.

THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK quite fails to convey the specialised nature of the preponderant part of its subject-matter, although its sub-title, 'A Study in Linguistic Method', may serve to warn those who look to it for an examination of the processes or principles on which newspaper headlines are manufactured, or of the effects on the public consciousness which, whether by design or accident, they create. Herr Straumann, a Lecturer at Zürich University, has compiled a book, based on extensive familiarity with the literature of his subject and careful research in the files of English newspapers, which appeals almost exclusively to the grammarian and the philologist. The phenomenon of 'headlinese', or 'block-language', has, he claims, been hitherto all but ignored by philologists; no serious attempt has been made to examine scientifically, and compile a grammar of, its peculiar linguistic forms. It is to the correction of this deficiency that his study is directed. He believes that the fundamental defect in modern language research lies in the confusion of formal with semantic principles. The method which he suggests and elaborates for the examination of 'headlinese' is based on the separation of these two principles, and concentration on the formal aspects of the type of language in question. He arrives at an intricate classification of word-groups as they appear in headlines based on the forms which they contain, the position in which these forms occur, the possible functions of the forms, and finally the elements of context, situation and cultural background. By reference to his classification, says Herr Straumann, 'it will be possible to group unambiguously any headline under one of the present sections'. The latter half of the book is devoted to such a grouping of a great many examples from English newspapers. The writer makes hardly more than passing reference to what he calls the psychological and sociological aspects of the newspaper headline; but in doing so he raises questions of wider interest in so illuminating a way that the reader cannot help feeling a wish that he had been able to pause to suggest an answer to them. Herr Straumann considers that the headlines' main *raison d'être* is to attract the reader's attention, that they do so with such success that we are today inclined to attribute far greater importance to isolated items of news than formerly, and that their ability to colour the news for political and other purposes has come to constitute a real danger. But he believes that the effect of all this on the mind of the newspaper-reading public is at present difficult, if not impossible, to estimate. A chapter of more interest to the general reader than the bulk of his argument traces the development of the headline in England from the ballad news of the sixteenth century to the present day, and shows that the streamers and splashes now so familiar to us have only sprung into general use since the Great War.

Gordon. By Bernard M. Allen. Duckworth. 2s.

Chance played a more than usually conspicuous part in the life of Gordon, as Dr. Bernard Allen brings out in this brief but lucid biography. Perhaps its most decisive intervention was when it caused the high-spirited young Woolwich cadet to get into trouble over a practical joke. He was punished by being deprived of a term's seniority. Hard work and the additional period of study enabled him to pass out high enough to obtain a commission in the Royal Engineers. This, one cannot help thinking, proved a very poor bargain for the British army. Gordon was undoubtedly a soldier of genius. His comments on our military tactics in the Crimea show him as a penetrating student of war in the grand style. A few years later in China he proved himself a brilliant strategist as well as an iron-handed commander of troops in the field. Yet the War Office never seems to have realised how invaluable his brains and experience would have been in reorganising an army that was muscle-bound in the Wellington traditions. The reason was that the Engineers were looked upon as a specialist corps, whose members were unsuitable for the administrative and executive duties of staff officers. Already after the Crimea, where Gordon's exceptional abilities in the field had been noticed by discerning superiors, he missed, to his own chagrin, the opportunity of seeing active service in the Indian Mutiny because his skill as a

cartographer caused him to be seconded on the work of delimiting the Russo-Turkish frontier. And after his return from China the most promising young officer in the Army was set down to the task of building useless forts at the mouth of the Thames. He was not wanted at Headquarters. He was not employed in any of the Indian and Colonial wars of the period. Instead, he was allowed to use his splendid talents in the service of foreign masters. And when finally the British Government was obliged by public opinion to enlist his services in a mission of major importance and to send him to Khartoum, the subsequent operations to relieve him showed just that want of dash and initiative which both by precept and example Gordon always insisted were the essential qualities of generalship.

Had Gordon become a gunner and as such been less suspect by his professional comrades of the cavalry and the line, our military history in mid- and late-Victorian times might have been very different. Had he not set a booby trap for an under-officer at the Academy, the South African war might have lasted only six months. German pre-War opinion of our military inefficiency might have been different; possibly the Germans might never have risked their throw in 1914.

The Family Book. Edited by Gwen St. Aubyn
Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.

Books cannot turn a foolish parent into a wise one. On the other hand, the days when 'instinct' and 'mother-love' were considered the only suitable guides to parenthood are happily gone. Today we believe in prevention, not cure, and prevention needs knowledge. There, perhaps, lies the danger in this book, admirably edited by Mrs. St. Aubyn, who has wisely allowed considerable freedom of thought to the contributors. The parent who reads its 798 pages may feel that family life is no longer a mystery to him, but that he has to hand an encyclopædia of which the pages may be turned in any emergency. The chapters on 'Feeding from Birth to Adolescence', by Dr. C. K. J. Hamilton; 'The Management of Babies', by D. A. Kennedy, S.R.N.; 'Home Nursing and First-Aid', by the late Rose Bland, S.R.N., are so admirable that he, or more probably she, may with safety regard them as a reference book. It is where, so to speak, recipes are not enough that the limitations of such a book become apparent. It is not only the setting forth of knowledge that demands the expert's hand, but also sometimes it needs the expert to apply it. For instance, the chapters on 'Simple Ailments of Children' and 'Diseases and Deformities of Children', by Dr. Victoria E. M. Bennett, and 'Development of the Child', by Dr. Margaret Hogarth, are more for the medical student than the parent whose function is not the diagnosis of specific diseases. Again, in 'Problems of Behaviour', by Dr. W. Moodie, one feels that treatment is, or should be, out of the amateur's control. For instance, Dr. Moodie emphasises that 'To punish a child for lying in order to escape the natural consequences from voluntary act is quite a different matter; but to lie about a real behaviour problem is normal'. But can the amateur make these distinctions? Still, in many matters, such as the books that children read, the time and method of sex instruction, or the choice of schools, the parent is the expert who should make the decision; and it is over these and kindred problems that the value of the book shows itself. Parents could not do better, as a stimulant to really useful discussion, than read some of these chapters aloud to each other. In particular, Miss Grace Owen's excellent chapter on 'Between Babyhood and School Life' draws attention to the problems of the toddler, who has been in the past too often neglected; while Mr. J. G. Wilson's remarks on 'Books and Children', Mrs. Williams-Ellis' reflections on 'Sex Education for Small Children', and Miss Burstall's experiences as told in her chapter on the 'Education of Girls: Second Stage' should greatly help parents in making up their minds on these questions.

A hundred years ago a leader in *The Times* commented: 'The carelessness of people in general as to the qualifications of the instructors of their children is marvellous.... It is enough that someone else of the same class, or a class above, has a son or daughter there—the furniture of the Principal's mind, or the aptitude for the business of instruction is never thought of'. That criticism is sadly relevant today. That is why Mr. L. A. G. Strong's thoughtful and impartial chapter on the 'Education of

Boys' should blaze a trail. He puts not only the problems of schoolmasters before parents, but also suggests some of the questions to ask on their visits as 'prospective parents'. Naturally, the level of contributions is uneven. It is, however, unfortunate that the chapter on 'The Development of the Adolescent' should not have been written by a trained psychologist; and that the writer of the chapter on 'Ethical Aspects of Family Life' should not have attempted to face the difficulties of parents who have no religious faith. As they stand, these chapters are not only disappointing, but, at times, intellectually shocking.

Miss M. A. Payne's chapter on 'Education in the Home' is perhaps the inspiration of the book. She writes: 'Even if all the educational institutions . . . were perfect, a child's education would still be incomplete unless its foundations were laid by its parents. No educational machinery, however excellent, can replace the influence of the home'. It will encourage parents; but it will also fill with dismay the child who has not wise parents full of the milk of commonsense.

Beneš, Statesman of Central Europe

By Pierre Crabítès. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

By this little book, full of information, M. Pierre Crabítès has brought closer to the English students of international politics the work, methods and psychology of one of the most outstanding figures in European politics. The important part Dr. Beneš has often played in European politics is well known, but the man himself and the reasons for his great success are only very little understood. The explanation is that Dr. Beneš not only never sought publicity but rather always tried to avoid it. In view of the fact that Dr. Beneš has been in charge of the foreign policy of his country for nearly twenty years, i.e. practically from the beginning of the Czechoslovak revolution, it is only natural that the book should be at the same time a diplomatic history of Czechoslovakia. In this respect it will be a valuable help to every student of recent European history. A great deal of Central European history for the last twelve to fourteen years is also brought nearer to the reader by the analysis of Beneš' part—very often leading and decisive—in the various developments. Mr. Crabítès shows us the methodical manner in which Beneš proceeded step by step to attain his various objectives, his tremendous capacity for work, his unfailing fund of practical energy and intellectual resource. Perhaps he overstresses a little the legendary inborn caution which Beneš is supposed to have inherited from his peasant ancestors, and forgets to mention the sturdy commonsense of his hero. Mr. Crabítès certainly exaggerates the element of racial hatred, both in Beneš' policy and in Central European history in general. But he shows good psychological insight when he describes how Beneš stood the test of social success, and allowed nothing to interfere with his work for the establishment of an independent Czechoslovak State.

The ideal co-operation which has existed since 1914 and still exists between the aged President Masaryk—the teacher—and Dr. Beneš—the perfect disciple—has only been touched upon lightly. But it provides a rare example of what can be achieved by intellectual harmony between two great men of transparent honesty bound together by the ties of common purpose, ardent patriotism and humanism. The last chapter of Mr. Crabítès' book is devoted to the study of the possible effects of Hitlerism upon European peace. He considers, and every careful student of European politics will surely agree with him, that Dr. Beneš' personality and his activities make him a champion of the cause of democratic liberties and world peace.

The Buddhism of Tibet, or Lamaism

By L. Austine Waddell. Heffer. 25s.

Buddhism is of two types, *Mahāyanā*, 'The High Career' (Tibet, China, Japan), in which the believer may attain Buddhahood; *Hināyanā*, 'The Low Career' (Ceylon, Burma, Siam), in which the believer can never, even in subsequent reincarnations, become more than mere man. Yet under the surface they have much in common; thus, to take an extreme instance, in Burma and Siam, Hināyanā lands where the very idea is blasphemous, men have occasionally claimed to be living Buddhas; the claimants were usually kings, as who should say Divus Cæsar. It is Hināyanā that Europeans have known longest and regarded as the purer type. Modern scholarship has done much to shake this view; Mahāyanā possesses a profounder metaphysic which, in some of its forms, can challenge comparison with any the world has known. Indeed, a generation ago,

drawing-room enthusiasts went so far as to predict that if ever we entered Tibet we should find the most wondrous religion in the world, free from all dross; and recently James Hilton, remembering the idea, used it as a peg on which to hang his lovely fantasy, *Lost Horizon*. The prediction has been put to the test. In 1904 the British entered Lhasa. No doubt an armed invasion is hardly the way to discover the inner and finer side of a remote civilisation, but we have had subsequent opportunities, and one of our later envoys, a man of unusual character, became the lifelong intimate of the late Dalai Lama, the god-king of Tibet. Competent eye-witnesses—Englishmen, and experienced officers, too, not easily moved to praise—tell us that to know him was to love him, this incarnate Buddha who, able as well as saintly, transacted the daily business of a great government. Lhasa may be insanitary, Tibet may be mediæval, but the people are happier and better governed than in some parts of Asia where the terrific impact of western ideas has resulted in little but misery. The theocracy throws up strong characters, men who are even, in their slow way, progressive; and they are learned too, after a fashion, their libraries containing many a lost scripture for which Buddhists in the damper climate of India and China have long searched in vain.

But we have already seen enough of Tibet to know that though much remains for research, it will produce no epoch-making discoveries. Colonel Waddell's book is consequently still of value; it was originally published in 1895, and this is only a reprint. There is a certain charm in the old-fashioned illustrations, mostly line or wash, nearly two hundred of them, great and small. Some of the terminology also is old-fashioned, and the racial theories in the preface read oddly. Colonel Waddell is apt to regard as mere priestcraft what metaphysicians and anthropologists would recognise as something else, but the fact remains that the popular religion of Tibet consists largely of demonology, and that the huge monasteries are selfish and turbulent, a thorn in the side of the Dalai Lama himself. It is not easy reading, this massive book, but it gives us past history and eye-witness observation by one who served long years on the borders of Tibet, accompanied the expedition to Lhasa, and actually purchased a lama temple in order that he might receive daily instruction from the attendant clergy.

The Genetics of Garden Plants. By M. B. Crane and W. J. C. Lawrence. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

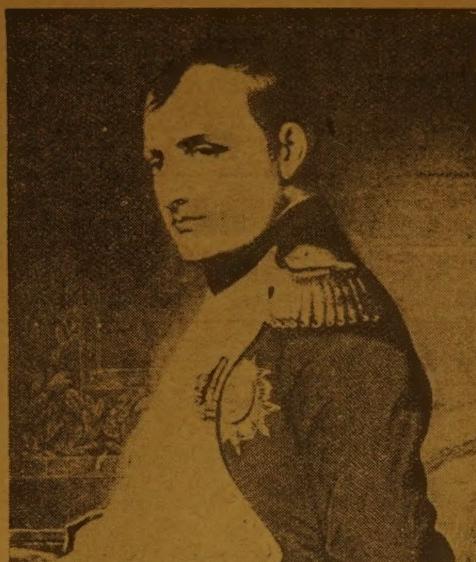
The betterment of our conditions of life during the last fifty years has been achieved so largely by mechanical means that we are apt to overlook the improvements in the fruits of the earth which have been obtained through the difficult and delicate science of genetics, though these improvements are among the least contestable benefits of civilisation. Mr. Crane and Mr. Lawrence are well known for their investigations into the laws of heredity in plants, and they offer here the results which have been obtained in this pure field of science throughout the world (including Soviet Russia) to those who are engaged in breeding and raising plants for commerce. It must be said at once that the book will present a stiff task to the reader who has not already some acquaintance with the subject, for the science of genetics has created its own language, a necessary and ingenious kind of shorthand, which is almost cabalistic to the layman; the authors provide a glossary, but make no further concession to the reader, plunging him from the first page into a world of polyploids, allelomorphs and heterozygotes, which, no doubt, will be made as familiar to the schoolboys of the next generation as the ablative absolute was to their fathers, but is daunting to the enquiring layman who would like to know by what means a rustproof rose or a tomato supercharged with vitamins is deliberately created. Moreover, the scientific specialist seems very often to feel a kind of diffidence or reluctance in speaking to the outer world, and, even when he is not using his own peculiar algebra, tends to write in rather stilted and cumbersome language, a tendency from which the authors of this book are not wholly immune. But the book is entirely adequate to its purpose, for it will save the plant-breeder from much profitless trial and error by indicating not only the most promising lines to follow, but also, since plants are not completely docile, where resistance is likely to occur and where it is likely to be insurmountable; and, if it is hard reading, we must bear in mind that the inter-play of hereditary characters in cultivated plants is extremely complex; for example, the pelargonium oddly called 'Double New Life' is not only formed by an elaborate pattern of linked

SEPTEMBER 13

*Je t'envoie une lettre de ton père,
je l'ai ouverte par mégarde...*

OCTOBER 22

*J'ai abandonné Moscou après
avoir fait sauter le Kremlin...*

**JUNE 30**

*Je t'envie du bonheur que tu vas
avoir d'embrasser le petit roi...*

MAY 2

*Il (Marshal Bessières) était allé
aux tirailleurs sans bonne raison,
le premier boulet l'a tué raide...*

A gap in the history of France has been filled—the real Napoleon stands revealed—the letters Frederic Masson mourned as lost, have been found.

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The Daily Telegraph

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and inter-reacting characters derived from many ancestors, but its tissues are a kind of sandwich of two different varieties, so that stem cuttings and root cuttings produce different flowers, and one must admire the scientist who is not discouraged from trying to unravel such a tangled skein.

There is room for another book on this subject, one which would introduce the amateur gardener to the exciting hobby of breeding new flowers and vegetables, beginning with the ABC of cross-fertilisation and leading up to the ways and means of creating a yellow delphinium, a strawberry with a new flavour, fennel with an edible root or whatever the taste and fancy of the gardener may suggest, and perhaps it is not too much to hope that some day Mr. Crane and Mr. Lawrence may unbend to the amateur.

Mid-Ice. By Johannes Georgi. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

During the last few years a great deal of geophysical research has been undertaken in Greenland; and one of the most thorough and successful of these investigations was that of the German expedition of 1930-1 led by Alfred Wegener. Much of the work of this expedition was done in an observation post at Mid-Ice, a spot halfway across the great ice-cap, 250 miles from the coast and 9,000 feet above sea-level. In that desolate and bitter outpost Dr. Georgi spent a year; and for two periods—one of six weeks and one of three months—he lived there completely alone, collecting meteorological data and enduring as

best he could the mental and physical privations of such a life. No venture could have been better planned than the Wegener Expedition, and yet its leader lost his life and others came near to the same end. The motor-sledge transport on which they were depending to keep in touch with the outpost broke down, and Georgi and his companions were left without many necessary stores and with a scanty supply of oil. Yet they hung on and completed a survey whose results have already been shown to have striking scientific value. They lived in a kind of cellar dug in the ice itself, ice which at that altitude is 6,000 solid feet in thickness, and they registered temperatures as low as -80°. One of Georgi's companions got frozen feet; and some of the most vivid pages of this book are those which describe how Georgi removed the frost-bitten toes with a knife and a tin-opener. The narrative is partly a diary, partly a transcript of letters written on the spot and delivered months later; and it makes one of the most impressive Polar records that have appeared for many years.

The account of the daily routine in their icy dug-out is an engrossing story of ingenuity and fortitude, and through it all runs a kind of graph of the strain they went through. A new variation of tinned foods could brighten their dreary calendar; or there came moods in which they believed they would never see civilisation again. And behind it all there is the fascination of these Greenland wastes: something of beauty and terror which, as Georgi confesses, will draw him back there again. *Mid-Ice* is altogether a very fine book.

Myth, Legend and History of the Bible

The Bible is True. By Sir Charles Marston. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

The Accuracy of the Bible. By Dr. A. S. Yahuda. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

The Heritage of Solomon. By Professor John Garstang. Williams and Norgate. 20s.

ALL CHRISTIANS REGARD the collection of writings we call the Old Testament as embodying a revelation of the character of God which transcends that in any other ancient literature, and is the necessary preparation for the supreme manifestation of God in Jesus Christ. To former generations of Christians this generally seemed to imply that the Bible was dictated by God in such a way that every single statement in it must be regarded as precisely true on the authority of God Himself. This view, as Sir Charles Marston in the book before us recognises, has now been largely abandoned by educated Christians in the Anglican, and other Reformed, communions: one would not find it taught in any of the leading theological colleges, and it is doubtful whether there is today a single Bishop who would subscribe to it.

There are, however, still people who suppose that some advantage is gained if Biblical stories which are commonly held by modern scholars to be popular legend, with a greater or smaller nucleus of historical fact, are shown to be precise reports of events as they actually happened. The three books at the head of this review all deal with that part of the Old Testament in which the proportion of myth and legend to actual history is relatively large, compared with those parts which are concerned with the later history and embody much more from contemporary records. Sir Charles Marston and Dr. Yahuda aim at showing that the 'Higher Criticism' has been quite wrong. To Sir Charles all who are interested in the background of the Old Testament owe a debt of gratitude, since it is through his financial support that much new knowledge has been won by exploration and excavation from the soil. It is unfortunate that he should build upon the results of archaeological research an argument which they do not really sustain. The title of his book, *The Bible is True*, is meant to be challenging: it indicates that he is out to confute some view which has asserted that the Bible is not true. But no criticism, even the most extreme, has ever denied that the Old Testament stories of Israel's beginnings contain a great deal that is based on the tradition of real events.

Of Dr. Yahuda's book I fear one has to speak even less favourably, since it makes a greater claim to erudition. Its main argument is that there is a stronger Egyptian element in the books ascribed to Moses than previous critics have recognised, and that therefore they must have been composed at a period near the Exodus. Whether he is right or not about the extent of the Egyptian element it must be left to those who

have special knowledge in this field to say, but, even supposing him to be right about this, his argument appears worthless. Israel was all through its history in close contact with Egypt. It is noteworthy that when Dr. Yahuda wants to assert the improbability of a later Hebrew writer knowing much about Egypt, the distance of Palestine from Egypt is immense—'how absurd to surmise that the author could have written this story far away from Egypt' (page 82); when he wants to assert how easily the horse could be introduced into Egypt from Palestine, the distance shrinks to 'the narrow space from Southern Palestine to Egypt' (page 55). He displays a curious ignorance of the theories he wants to discredit. 'As is well known', so he has the hardihood to write, 'it is generally accepted by Biblical critics that those portions of the Pentateuch in which the use of Elohim' (i.e. God) 'occurs are of much later date than those with the use of Jehovah ("the Lord") as name for God'. As a matter of fact, the two portions are generally believed by critics to be pretty nearly, if not quite, of the same date. One statement it is hardly credible that anyone who had even common knowledge could make. Dr. Yahuda asserts that the method of historical criticism applied to the Old Testament 'is not applied by the same scholars to non-Biblical documents, as it does not occur to them to question the historical validity of such records, even when permeated with mythical details'. There is not an atom of truth in this: precisely the same methods, running sometimes into excessive scepticism, have been applied to the documents relating to the early history of Greece and Rome and India and Britain.

A contrast to the two books just spoken of is the third, Professor Garstang's *Heritage of Solomon*. Here we have a most valuable contribution to the study of early Palestine by someone who stands high as an archaeologist. It is Professor Garstang who is continually referred to by Sir Charles Marston as the man whose researches have overthrown the theories of the 'Higher Criticism'. But, like Balaam, Professor Garstang blesses, where he is called in to curse, for he accepts the main theory of Old Testament scholars regarding the composition of the so-called books of Moses without demur. If it were really true, as is sometimes asserted, that what has been proved by archaeological discoveries is incompatible with the theories of Higher Criticism, Professor Garstang should be the man to know it. He obviously has no sense of the incompatibility.

EDWYN BEVAN

New Novels

Land Under England. By Joseph O'Neill. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

A London Story. By George Buchanan. Constable. 7s. 6d.

The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, and Other Stories. By William Saroyan. Faber. 7s. 6d.
Strangers Come Home. By Ronald Macdonald Douglas. MacLehose. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THIS is a very heterogeneous collection of books, and there is little to connect them except that the first two are partially satirical in intention and that the last two are volumes of short stories. *Land Under England* is the most remarkable, if only for the reason that one cannot imagine anyone except Mr. O'Neill himself writing another in anyway like it. Whether it is as successful as a satire, however, as A. E. holds in his foreword, is questionable. 'The highest form that satire can take', A. E. says admirably, 'is to assume the apotheosis of the policy satirised and make our shuddering humanity recoil from the spectacle of the complete realisation of our ideals'. This is something resembling what Swift did in *Gulliver's Travels*, and he did it so effectively because he possessed in a supreme degree a logical imagination. The countries he described were deductions, sometimes extreme, from tendencies he and his readers could observe in the society in which they lived; and being logical they were corrective. Mr. O'Neill's imagination is too violent and too abnormal for satire; and what it makes out of the contemporary forces with which it deals is less like Swift than like what the Apostle John, according to Renan, made out of the contemporary events of Roman history in the Book of Revelation. Mr. O'Neill imagines, as A. E. says, 'a State where the unity of obliterated individualism is complete, where the Master, or Hitler, of his Utopia, has a selfless humanity completely malleable to his will; and we recoil from the vision of that perfection of mechanical humanity, as if we had peered into one of the lowest of human hells'. That gives a very good impression of the book, which is not a satire to correct us but a warning to startle us. It completely succeeds in doing that, as nobody who emerges from the nightmare it describes is likely to deny. Mr. O'Neill throws down an unconditional assertion of the sanctity of individuality, and as one of the main debates of the present day centres on that question, everybody who is interested, from whatever point of view, should read this book.

The story is told by a young man called Anthony Julian, in whose family there has survived for many centuries a legend of a Roman legion, which during one of the invasions of Britain disappeared underground in the neighbourhood of a place called Julian's Wall and was never seen again. Various members of the family had vanished at intervals ever since in search of these Romans, and at the beginning of the story Anthony's father also disappears. Some time later Anthony stumbles by chance on the entrance to this subterranean kingdom, and sets out in search of his father. The narrative of his wanderings among the mountains and jungles of the underground world before he reaches human society is an extraordinary feat of sustained and nightmare imagination. There is no light in this country except that given by occasional fitful pale beams coming from the roof of the enormous vault, and glowing fungi growing from the soil; and the feeling of continuous oppression as one reads on becomes almost insupportable. The animals are real inventions of fantasy; for instance, the 'large beast' with a body that seemed to be in two parts, like a sack divided in the middle and a head 'like a slobbering leathern bag, with vast eyes that seemed to have countless facets'. This beast lassos its victims with a cord which it spins out of itself. This part of the story is even more remarkable than the description of the robot community, which is a society divided mathematically into two classes, composed of those who will and those who obey. The latter are entirely without individuality, and find their happiness in being dumb and automatic functions of the society they serve. Liberty is so dead that it has become an incomprehensible idea both to the masters and the slaves. Anthony at last finds his father, but finds also that he has become a robot like the others. The worst faults of the book are repetition, caused often by the author's desire for precision, and an occasional looseness of style. But these are small defects compared to the power of imagination and the moral passion in the book.

A London Story is an extremely slight affair in comparison, and is chiefly remarkable as being the February choice of the Book Society. Mr. Buchanan tells the story of two brothers, John and Nicholas Coombe, the first a tough-skinned go-getter and the second a pleasant young man, ineffectual in business.

The hard brother marries a hard wife; the pleasant brother, having lost his job because of what his employer, Lord Flowerfield, regarded as slackness, falls in love with a pleasant girl. The hard brother, worn down by the hard wife, also ends by losing his job, while the pleasant brother achieves a moderately pleasant union with his girl. Apart from the story, the book is also a satire on the conduct of business in a big store and on the competitive commercial spirit in general; a satire which gives the impression, however, of being too light for its subject and not very radical in its implications. The best thing in the book is its style, which is neat and concise, and capable, one feels, of supporting considerably more weight than Mr. Buchanan has imposed upon it here.

The author of *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* has been given high praise in America and is certainly a writer of versatile talent. His work in this volume is extraordinarily mixed, however. From some of the stories, such as 'Seventy Thousand Assyrians', one might easily conclude that he was a positively bad writer, so blatant is their mixture of sentimentality and false simplicity. But others make one change one's mind violently, for example, 'And Man' and '1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8', which are exquisite in feeling, beautifully told, and perfect in form. Mr. Saroyan's style is a gift from nature, clear, flowing, and capable of the most subtle inflections: a style with which, one feels, he can do almost anything he likes, but is best of all when he does not tease it. He is occasionally an enchanting story-teller; he has the ability to make a story of anything, or of nothing in particular, and the less he has to start with the better he generally is. 'And Man' is an evocation of the feelings of a boy of fifteen who is in love with the world and downcast by the misunderstanding of other people; '1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8' deals with an equally elusive theme; and the delicacy and naturalness of treatment in both cases is almost perfect. Most of these stories, one imagines, are autobiographical or semi-autobiographical; they are explorations by the author into life, and the spirit of exploration implicit in them all gives them a unity which is rarely found in short stories. Mr. Saroyan never writes according to formula. 'I have been laughing at the rules of writing ever since I began to write', he confesses, and the short story has more rules to laugh at than any other prose literary form. His unorthodoxy is far more effective nevertheless in his indirect confessions than in his explicit ones, where he is tempted to hide his self-consciousness beneath a double cloak of simplicity, and almost argue down the reader's throat that he is a simple fellow. But his best work in this volume is so good that it would be ungrateful to carp at his second-best. He is continuously interesting, and almost continuously himself, which is particularly rare in a first book. This volume should certainly be read.

The stories in *Strangers Come Home* are still more uneven than Mr. Saroyan's; some of them indeed, such as 'On the Wind', an ambitious exercise which does not come off, are extremely bad; but Mr. Douglas has also an individual quality, he is at his best a fascinating story-teller, and there is one story in this volume, 'Atkinson', which in a quite different style is as good as any in Mr. Saroyan's book. Mr. Douglas' faults, too, are sentimentality and false simplicity. But when he escapes from them and a too pronounced Gaelic lilt in his writing, his narrative has a most admirable bare, simple force. He is not very much bound by formula, and uses his story-telling gift freely, as it should be used. 'Atkinson', which is the tragic story of a Northumbrian farm labourer who tries to make himself into a soldier and does not succeed, is perfect both in its truth of imagination and in its telling. 'The Agnostic', a witty trifle, is as good in its own way. Against these are to be set 'On the Wind' and 'Body and Soul', which are deplorable. Had Mr. Douglas been more critical in his selection, this might have been a remarkable book; as it is, it contains enough good work to show that he is a writer of talent.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *The Strangers*, by N. Brysson Morrison (Collins); *Fiddler's Folly*, by Joy Baines (Harrap); *A Derbyshire Tragedy*, by F. C. Boden (Dent); and *The Epic Makers*, by Paul Morand (Lovat Dickson)—7s. 6d. each.